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## ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

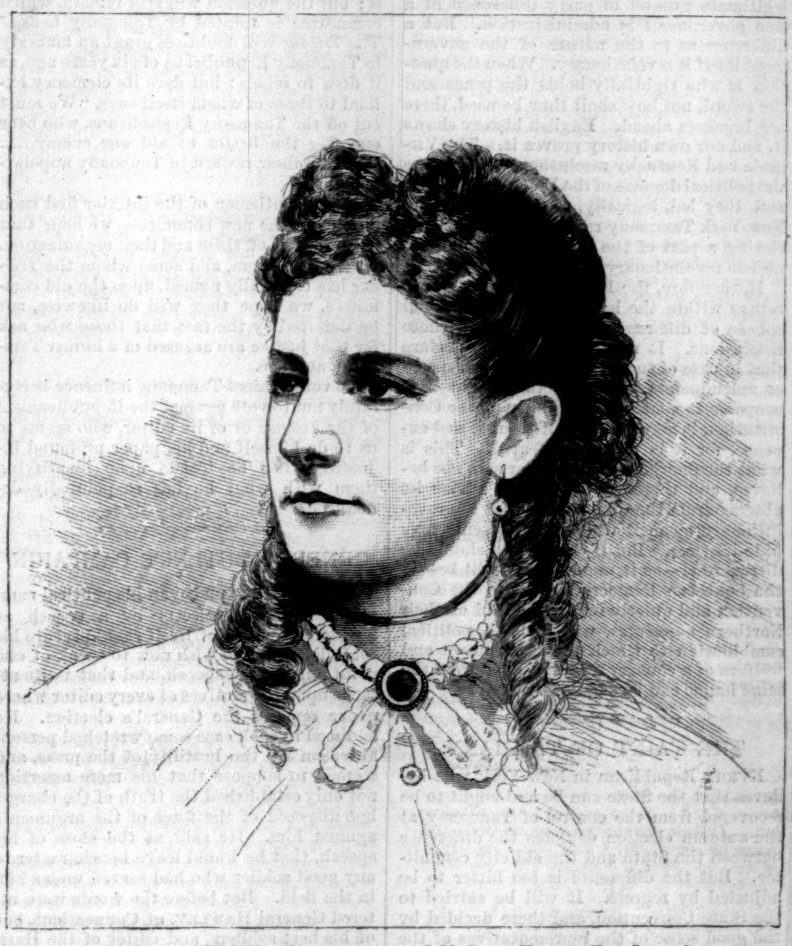
On Saturday afternoon, the 26th of August, a common truck, bringing an ordinary packing-trunk, was driven up to the baggage office of the Hudson River Railroad dépôt. A woman who was waiting there received the trunk, paid the cartman, and then proceeded to buy a ticket for Chicago, whither she had the baggage checked. There was nothing in her demeanor to attract attention, still less to excite suspicion. But when the porter began to stow away the trunks and packages in the baggage car, his attention was arrested by an offensive odor proceeding from this trunk. After consultation the dépôt officials decided to open it. This was done, and when the lid was raised the trunk was discovered to contain the dead body of a young woman, perfectly nude. For an instant the spectators stood horror-stricken and mute, and then, with reverent hands, covered up the poor, crushed remains from prying eyes.

Subsequent investigations by the police disclosed a sad but, alas! too common story. It was ascertained that the poor girl's name was Alice A. Bowlsby, that her family resided in Paterson, New Jersey, and that she had come to New York to seek the aid of an infamous quack doctor in concealing the evidence of her fall from virtue. It is unnecessary for us, after the full developments published in the daily press, to go into the painful details of this tragedy. The assassin by whom the unfortunate girl was murdered—with or without intent is still unknown—is in custody, and will be placed on trial without delay. A young man who is supposed to have been too intimate with the dead girl has committed suicide rather than be questioned in court in regard to his share in bringing her to ruin and death.

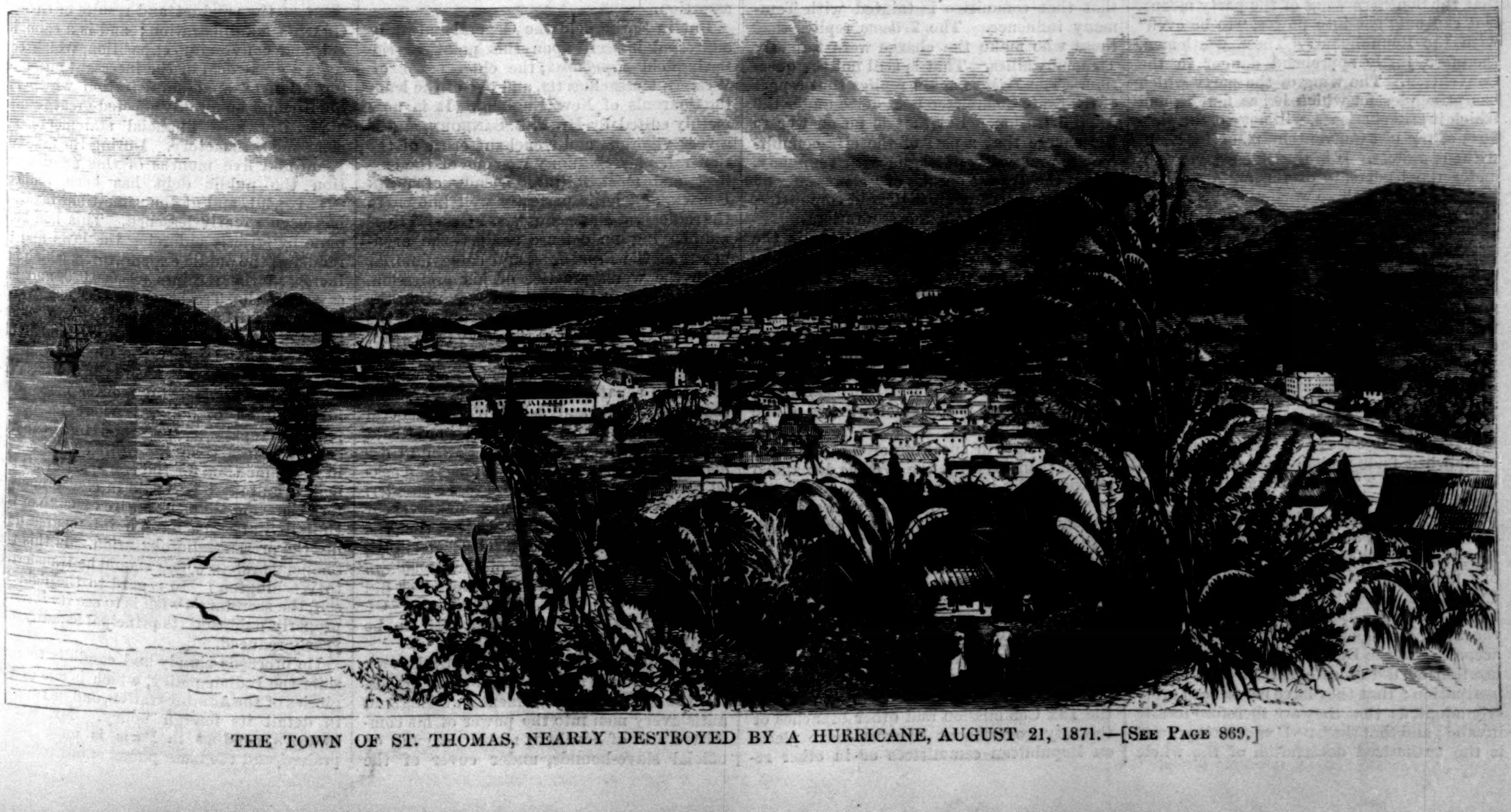
But we can not let this sad tragedy pass out of the public mind without calling attention to circumstances that ought to awaken the alarm and indignation of every thoughtful person in the community. The fate of Alice Bowlsby is by no means an isolated one, and it differs from hundreds of others only in being brought to light. We speak entirely within bounds in saying that the trade of the abortionists in this city alone sends hundreds of victims to the grave every year. They do not all die directly under the hands of the assassin. Some languish for weeks, some for months. But many die under treatment, and the fact that so few cases come to light is owing to the extraordinary precautions taken to conceal the evidences of the crime. It is supposed that many bodies are thrown at night into the rivers that surround New York, and as the assassins who follow this infamous trade generally select dark and secluded streets and alleys for their dens, they possess every facility for concealment. Only by an accident was the murder of Alice Bowlsby brought to light and traced back to the perpetrator. This is certainly an alarming state of things, and one that calls for speedy and effective means of remedy. No half-way measures will suffice.

The impunity with which these assassins ply their trade is a burning disgrace to New York and other American cities. In no other country in the world would it be allowed. The moral sense of the community would be shocked if a newspaper should devote a special department of its columns to giving publicity to establishments devoted to the training of thieves, to the puffing of new implements of robbery, and to the announcement of the whereabouts of the most skillful pickpockets and burglars; but both the public and the authorities seem to be indifferent to the offense of publishing advertisements which mean nothing less than murder. "Murder made easy" would be a truthful heading for such advertisements. There is no other civilized country where the procuress, the libertine, and the abortionist are allowed to flaunt themselves before the public in this shameless manner. This is an abuse of the freedom of the press which calls for immediate abatement. The public, indifferent as it seems to be, would uphold the most stringent legislative enactments against this terrible evil. If the man who publishes or sells a vile print or book renders himself liable to prosecution and punishment, how much darker is the guilt of the publisher who admits infamous advertisements into the columns of a newspaper that goes unquestioned into thousands of families! Let fathers and mothers ponder this as they look upon their innocent girls and boys.

It is a fact that ought to be impressed upon the public that no regular member of the medical profession ever advertises in a newspaper. Every medical advertiser may be accepted as a rogue or a quack (he is generally both), and the remedies advertised are either drugs that ought never to be taken except under the direction of a careful physician, or fraudulent compounds, incapable equally of good or harm. In view of the extent of this terrible evil, and of the disclosures that have recently appalled the public mind, the reputable press throughout the country ought to join in a vigorous crusade for the banishment of all these infamous advertisements from newspapers. The duty is as clear as noonday, and it must be performed with hands clean of the rewards of infamy. There can be no compromise with an evil which has assumed proportions so monstrous. If a sense of decency, to say nothing of higher motives, will not suffice to check the practice—if the conductors of respectable newspapers continue, in spite of the ghastly warning afforded by the fate of Alice Bowlsby and other victims of the abortionist, to give publicity to these infamous traffickers in human life—the strong arm of the law should be invoked in the interest of social morals. The time for action is opportune, and every good citizen should aid in the work of extirpating an evil through which thousands of young men are led to ruin; thousands of young women to dishonor and death.



ALICE A. BOWLSBY.—[Photographed by J. M. Clark, Newark, New Jersey.]



THE TOWN OF ST. THOMAS, NEARLY DESTROYED BY A HURRICANE, AUGUST 21, 1871.—[See Page 869.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 16, 1871.

## FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in Harper's Weekly for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the Weekly from that date to the close of the year, four months, for One Dollar.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly, *which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains a fine political Cartoon, entitled*

**President Grant, and Why they Don't Like Him,**

*presenting in a very striking manner the principal reasons for the factious attacks upon the President; a sketch of*

**Horace Greeley,**

*with a splendid Portrait, and views of his Birth-place and his present Home at Chappaqua; the continuation of "*Lord Kilgobbin,*" by* Charles Lever; *and other attractive features.*

## THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP.

JUDGE NICHOLSON, of Tennessee, Mr. Jacob Thompson, of Buchanan's cabinet, and other Southern Democrats, advise their party friends in the Southern States not to elect delegates to the next Democratic Convention, but to allow the nominations to be made and the platform to be prepared by Northern Democrats, with the understanding that the Southern wing will support every thing which the Convention does. The reason proposed for this policy is that the chances of party success would be increased by making it impossible to declare the party action to have been controlled by the Southern element. This is ingenious, but the result would be that the Southern ascendency in the party would be stronger than ever. For if the Convention of the Northern wing should declare for the New Departure, and its candidates be elected, two things would happen: the Southern wing, which has always ruled the party, and which has certain convictions and purposes, would resume its supremacy; and once in power, it would decline to be governed by the declarations of a Convention in which it was not represented, and in whose action it would insist that it only acquiesced without necessarily justifying or approving it.

Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Thompson undoubtedly see that their party is radically divided. They know, what is very evident, that the mass of the Southern Democrats suppose that the New Departure means unquestioning submission to the negro vote and to the Ku-Klux legislation, and that it is, by implication, a condemnation of the lost cause. They know also that there is no such submission, and no intention of it; that the Southern wing of the party means, if it can only get into power, "to be even" with the Republicans. These gentlemen, therefore, justly apprehend danger in the Convention. The wing of the party which has principles for which it has fought, and which it still cherishes, will not eat the platform of the last Convention, made by itself, without protest. If in the Ohio Convention, under the leadership of the author of the New Departure, there was a very positive and resolute minority in opposition, how much more serious will be the hostility in the National Convention? Moreover, the experience of the last Convention, like the whole history of the party, shows that the Southern element is still the really controlling force of the party, and would prevail in the next Convention or breed fatal discord. Either result would be disastrous, and therefore that element think Mr. Thompson and Judge Nicholson had better stay at home.

Nor will the shallow interpretation of the New Departure as a mere declaration of accomplished facts probably affect the Southern sentiment. "The amendments," it is alleged by the Northern advocates of the new policy, "have been declared by the proper authority parts of the Constitution. It is idle, therefore, to dispute it. We must make our fight upon their administration, upon the way in which they are to be enforced. This is the true Democratic ground." But the Southern rejoinder is conclusive, that according to the Democratic theory the declaration of the amendments is part of the usurpation; that they have never been properly adopted; that they are therefore totally invalid; and that the true Democratic ground is the authorized declaration of the whole party that the entire system of reconstruction, of which the amendments are the security, is a usurpation, unconstitutional and void.

The subterfuge of the method of enforcement does not deceive the Southern Democrats. "Since we have declared the thing to be enforced unconstitutional and void," they say, "why do you try to cozen us with rhetoric about the methods of enforcement?" They are not wise, and they do not comprehend the situation, but they are consistent. The Northern Democrats do understand the situation, and perceive that it requires them to be inconsistent. They know that the people mean to sustain the Republican reconstruction. That can not be disturbed, and therefore any party which hopes for success must profess acquiescence. The fatal difficulty of the New Departure is that the Southern Democrats don't understand it, and the Northern Democrats don't believe it. A few persons in that party have at last discovered that the legitimate ground of party difference in a free government is administration. But a difference as to the nature of the government itself is revolutionary. When the question is who rightfully holds the purse and the sword, not how shall they be used, there are breakers ahead. English history shows it, and our own history proves it. The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 were the political dogmas of the Democratic party, and they led, logically, to the war. The New York Tammany resolutions of 1868, declaring a part of the Constitution void, are no less revolutionary.

If, therefore, the Democratic party would return within the legitimate constitutional sphere of difference, it must rescind those resolutions. It may, if it chooses, declare that in case of success it would propose other amendments nullifying them; but if it proposes to contest the validity of the Constitution, it may spare itself trouble and expense, for it is already defeated. This is what the Southern wing neither sees nor believes, and therefore its leaders advise its absence from the Convention, that the revolutionary element which it represents may bide its time. But if this advice should be disregarded—as it undoubtedly will be—if the Southern Democrats come to the Convention and quietly follow the lead of their Northern associates, will it be a political combination to which the government and welfare of a country recently saved from the same hands can be safely intrusted?

## THE TAINT OF TAMMANY.

Every Republican in New York who believes that the State can be and ought to be recovered from the control of Tammany at the autumn election deplores the difference between the State and the old city committee. But the difference is too bitter to be adjusted by regrets. It will be carried to the State Convention, and there decided by the good sense of the representatives of the whole party. Meanwhile the *Tribune* identifies itself with the old committee, and exhorts the "gentlemen of the interior," if they think the *Tribune* has worked for Tammany, to vote its friends out of the next State Convention.

But the question is not of the *Tribune*, but of the old city committee. The charge is that that committee is tainted with Tammany influence. The *Tribune* replies that those who make the charge were formerly Tammany allies. That is still not the question. The *Tribune* again replies that a part of the State Committee hold office under the Administration. But that is no answer to the charge that a part of the city committee are practically in league with Tammany. Again the *Tribune* speaks of "all manner of stories invented" against the old committee, of "pretexts," and misrepresentations.

Is the charge, then, false? This is the point which the Convention must decide. Is it an invention that there is Tammany influence in the old city committee? If it be, if there is reason to suppose that the new organization is probably quite as much tainted with Tammany as the old, the State Convention will undoubtedly and very properly refuse to recognize it. But meanwhile, also, the *Tribune* is the chief witness of the Tammany influence.

A year ago, in speaking of the city committee then existing, the *Tribune* demanded to know why it sat with closed doors, and proceeded to say, "We do not necessarily impugn motives when we state the notorious fact that the Tammany Ring has for years maintained its ill-gotten and wickedly abused power by the help of its familiars who claim to be Republicans *par excellence.*" At that time the *Tribune* believed that there was Tammany taint in the committee. And upon what ground did it believe it? The *Tribune* itself answered the question. "A number of men," it said, "holding office in the Tax Commission and other branches of the city government likewise have places on Republican committees or in other responsible posts in our organization......Gentlemen, we call on you to resign your places under Tammany, or your places on Republican committees." The *Tribune* then mentions by name certain Republicans as doing the dirty work of Tammany.

With the new year a new committee appeared, and some of the very men whom the *Tribune* especially denounced as Tammany agents were elected members. They have not resigned; they are members to-day. Have they relinquished their connection with Tammany? If they have not, they are the very men by whose agency, as the *Tribune* last year declared, the Tammany Ring maintains its power.

If the State Convention agrees with the *Tribune*, it will necessarily condemn the committee of which friends of Tammany are members. The *Tribune* constantly protests, indeed, that those who are now opposed to Tammany were formerly its friends. The Convention will doubtless be sorry to hear it; but the question will still remain, which committee is tainted by Tammany *to-day?* The *Tribune* will doubtless grant an amnesty to Tammany Republicans of six years ago, as it does to rebels; but does its clemency extend to those of whom itself says, "We must cut off the Tammany Republicans, who bear our flag the better to aid our enemy...... who find their reward in Tammany appointments?"

If the gentlemen of the interior find such men upon the new committee, we hope that they will cut off them and their organization. If they find them, and some whom the *Tribune* has especially named, upon the old committee, we hope they will do likewise, nor be deterred by the fact that those who ask for that justice are accused of a former Tammany alliance.

To vote against Tammany influence is certainly not to vote against the Republicanism of the *Tribune* or of its editor, who seems to us to do himself and his paper profound injustice when he insists upon identifying them with what he has so pointedly denounced.

## GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

General Butler began his political campaign in Massachusetts by a speech at Springfield which of itself should secure his total defeat. We wish now to speak of one point only in the speech, and that is its attacks upon the motives of every editor whose paper opposes the General's election. He adduced in each case some wretched personal reason for the hostility of the press, and seemed to suppose that his mere assertion not only established the truth of the charge, but disposed of the force of the arguments against him. He said, at the close of his speech, that he would leave his character to any good soldier who had served under him in the field. But before the words were uttered General Hawley, of Connecticut, one of his best soldiers, and editor of the Hartford *Courant*, telegraphed to the audience that General Butler was a liar. For the General had explained General Hawley's hostility to him in his journal by what he called his dismissal for cowardice by General Butler's order. General Hawley has published a statement which is conclusive of the extreme inaccuracy of General Butler's assertion.

But in Springfield the General naturally addressed himself upon this point to the Springfield *Republican*, the chief paper of Western Massachusetts, and one of the leading journals of New England. It is now mainly edited by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, and is a very vigorous and trenchant critic of the General. Mr. Sanborn was one of the earliest and most faithful friends of John Brown, and he is perfectly well known to the radicals of Massachusetts. General Butler, having no defense against the arguments of the *Republican*, and being familiar with the worst practice of his profession, contented himself with "blackguarding the plaintiff's attorney." He asserted that the editor of the *Republican* ran away from John Brown when he fell into trouble, and did not dare to testify for him before a committee of the Senate. Mr. Sanborn rose at the reporters' table, and asked if the General meant to allude to him. The General said that he did; upon which Mr. Sanborn declared that the statement was false, and asked permission to reply to so gross a slander. But the chairman, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Trask, who was evidently resolved that the General should say what he chose, declined, remarking that the editor of the *Republican* abused every body, but that the paper did not rule every body in Springfield. Of course Mr. Sanborn was compelled to be silent.

Now the facts are that when John Brown was captured Fugitive Slave Bill Mason tried to get certain prominent New England antislavery men into the power of his committee and of Southern mobs. A gang of official slave-hounds, under cover of the night, entered Mr. Sanborn's house, in Concord, Massachusetts, and tried by main force to kidnap him for Mason's purpose. They handcuffed their victim, but he stoutly resisted. He held the bullies at bay; nor did his sister spare her efforts. The town was roused as when the redcoats came in 1775. Judge Hoar—the ex-Attorney-General—a citizen of Concord and a magistrate, issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the gang escaped. They were indicted for their crime by the Grand Jury of the county, and a personal suit for damages was brought by Mr. Sanborn. General Butler became the counsel of the baffled kidnappers; but, at Mr. Sanborn's request, when Butler entered the service the District-Attorney refrained from prosecuting the indictment, and Mr. Sanborn discontinued his own suit for damages.

And now General Butler, who ten years ago denounced old John Brown as a traitor and murderer and felon, undertakes to win Republican votes in Massachusetts by slandering one of the earliest and truest and most unswerving of the old man's friends; and he does it because he is unable to reply to the arguments which that friend urges why the great mass of Massachusetts men, who ten years ago did not think John Brown a scoundrel, should not now vote into John A. Andrew's seat a man who did. General Butler says that if he can have his way, and be elected Governor of Massachusetts, he will put Mr. Sanborn off the Board of Charities. If General Butler could have had his way, Robert Toombs would have called his slave roll upon Bunker Hill; and had he done so, the General should have been the first to answer.

General Butler must remember—nor should Massachusetts forget—that he was a full-grown man when he did all that one man could do to put the State of Massachusetts, which he now aspires to govern, under the heel of the slave power. We have steadily acknowledged his service in the war, but, except for men like him, there would have been no war. It was by the aid of Northern dough-faces that the slave power ruled the country, and it was because of them that it believed it could destroy the government. If there was any man in New England who ought to have gone to the war and to have served faithfully to undo the mischief of a life, General Butler was the man. Republicans will let by-gones be by-gones. But when an old agent of James M. Mason and Jefferson Davis to crush the Northern conscience strives to carry Massachusetts by maligning men who bravely fought to the end a longer and more terrible battle for liberty and America than ever General Butler saw in the field, it is time for Massachusetts Republicans to pause and consider.

## SECRETARY DELANO UPON THE ADMINISTRATION.

The Republican campaign for the next election in Ohio opened by a number of speeches simultaneously delivered at various chief points in the State by General Noyes, the candidate for Governor, and other distinguished Republicans. Among these addresses that of Mr. Delano, Secretary of the Interior, at Sandusky, is especially notable. It was devoted to a comprehensive statement of the conduct and results of General Grant's administration; and is a calm, lucid, and convincing exposition, which corrects a great deal of the incessant misrepresentation of an administration which has quietly and honorably effected great results.

Mr. Delano's financial statements are clear and satisfactory. During the first two years and five months of this administration the public debt has been reduced $242,128,401, and at the same time taxation has been greatly lessened. This has been done by strictly enforcing the laws and by reducing the public expenditures, which has increased the receipts $85,000,000, and has saved to the Treasury $126,000,000, which has been faithfully applied to the diminution of the debt. Mr. Delano contrasts this result with "Democratic financiering" in the city of New York, where the debt has increased in twenty-eight months more than fifty millions of dollars; where more was paid for repairs, carpets, and furniture for county offices than the United States paid in the same time for the transport of all the mails; and more was paid in eleven months for plastering than the entire expense of the United States for foreign intercourse during the present administration. Is this the financial system which should be transferred to Washington? In regard to the debt itself, the secretary's wish is to see its interest properly paid, and its principal steadily and yearly reduced.

He proceeds simply and candidly to consider the Indian policy, which is one of the glories of the Administration, and he reviews in detail its foreign policy. Mr. Washburne's conduct in Paris is most justly praised, and the main points of our relations with every great country are plainly stated. The Treaty of Washington Mr. Delano truly describes as a subject for the congratulation of all civilized nations. He stigmatizes as a great blunder the supposition that the President originated the project of the annexation of San Domingo, or that he has used undue means to effect it; and sketches the history of our negotiations with the island during the last twenty-five years. But the secretary does not consider in detail the method pursued by us pending the Babcock treaty, which is the objection made by Senators Sumner and Schurz.

No one can read this clear and dispassionate review of the administration of General Grant, the spirit of which Mr. Delano describes in the title of his address as "Peace, Justice, Economy," without renewed admiration for the honest and patriotic purpose which has inspired it, and greater confidence in the sagacity of the people who support it. Judged by what it has done, what it will yet do will be no less worthy of the principles and the character of the Republican party.

## THE LESSON OF THE SUMMER.

The frightful slaughter of travelers which has marked this summer in every part of the country should at least secure greater safety of travel. The explosion of the *Westfield* at New York, and of the *Ocean Wave* at Mobile, with the collision upon the Eastern Railroad near Boston, and upon the Erie in Pennsylvania, were in no sense accidents. They were the results either of criminal carelessness or of astounding ignorance. In the case of the *Westfield*, for instance, if the boilers were sound, as the inspectors testified by their certificate, the explosion was due to the grossest neglect upon the part of those in charge. If the boilers were unsound, the inspection is merely a farce of pretentious ignorance. There was no accident. There was no visitation of Providence, in the usual technical sense. And, indeed, we may ask the clergymen and others who publicly declared the explosion of the *Westfield* to be a Providential judgment upon those who go pleasuring on Sundays whether the collision upon the Eastern Railroad was a Providential judgment upon those who travel on Saturday night. The slaughter which is caused by carelessness, like the disease which is produced by filth, can not justly be ascribed to Providence. That method of explanation is a stupid fatalism unknown to Christianity.

Undoubtedly there is too little regard for human life in this country. These events are the proof of it. Our national creed is a happy-go-lucky philosophy. We are so fond of the maxim of self-dependence, and so full of disdain of supervision, that we are jealous of the most ordinary safeguards as tyrannical or childish. A little care would have prevented all the disasters of this summer, which have made every man reluctant to travel. But nobody cared to take the care. Upon a railroad safety depends upon punctuality. Every fool knows it. But the train that was destroyed at Revere left more than half an hour after its time. Twice within a month we have left Springfield, in Massachusetts, by the Connecticut River train, and upon both occasions it left more than twenty minutes after the hour, as marked by the railroad clock in the station. Had there been a disaster from running to make up time, or by collision, the blame would have been thrown upon Providence, but it seems to us that it would really belong to the officer whose duty it is to start the train. We advise railroad passengers to time the trains by which they travel, that, if they escape, they may help to determine where the responsibility rests.

The great railroads in this country, those especially which connect great cities with suburbs and country neighborhoods, like the Hudson, New Haven, and New Jersey roads out of New York, and the Eastern and Maine and others out of Boston, are so pressed with travel that only the utmost incessant vigilance can secure safety. In every station there should be a clock conspicuously placed, and a loud bell or gong should signalize the moment of departure. The condition of the track, so far as regards the movements of other trains, should be telegraphically reported from station to station. At every regular stopping place the wheels should be well tested. Wherever the rails cross another road there should be a bridge or a well-served gate, or if it be in woods or solitary places, there should be the plainest painted warning, kept constantly in repair. And every passenger should be a committee to see that these and similar obvious and simple rules are observed.

But all such precautions would be vain if the president and directors of the company are gentlemen who think that education is unnecessary to an engineer. Indeed, it is this spirit which every intelligent American should resist. It shows itself every where. It asserts that "good common-sense" is all that is wanted any where—by which it means good-humored and well-meaning ignorance. It declares that steamboat engineers are none the better for book-learning, and sneers at any method of ascertaining the fitness of applicants for the public service as theoretical. But in the midst of the melancholy catastrophes of this summer, why is not the theory that knowledge and care are better than ignorance as sound as the theory that the devil-take-the-hindmost is the only truly American principle?

## DR. HOWE AND SAN DOMINGO.

Dr. Howe, one of the Commissioners to San Domingo, and a gentleman, like Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, has published a card upon the annexation question, in reply to certain strictures. He deplores the general indifference to the subject in this country, and declares that the clamor of party has drowned the voice of humanity. That, indeed, explains his view of the question. The Dominican Republic wishes to be annexed. Annexation will be of the utmost advantage to it. It is a grievous error and wrong, he thinks, not to stretch out our hands to a neighbor who implores our protection. Dr. Howe vehemently asserts that the report of the committee has fallen stillborn, that dogmatists crammed with Congress library lore have prejudiced the country, and that San Domingo is, for the time, "a dead cock in the political pit." Republicans will not touch it lest it disturb party integrity. Democrats forbear lest they should miss the opportunity of annexing the island themselves. The President, he thinks, has been assailed with fierce injustice, for he has been the real protector of republicanism both in San Domingo and in Hayti. Dr. Howe concludes with an eloquent description of the charms of the island, and an earnest hope that it may not fall into European hands.

His card is the ardent plea of a most honest advocate. We regret, indeed, his sneer at the sanctity of international law; for if the comity of nations, founded upon a constantly higher humanity, is to be despised and disregarded, we go back to barbarism, where there are no "figments of international laws." And but for "our worship of the fetish of international law" the Treaty of Washington would not have been negotiated. It is to be regretted, also, that a man of Dr. Howe's high intelligence should have permitted himself a sneer at "Congress library lore," regard for which, he thinks, has set aside the consideration of the San Domingo report. Is not that report part of the very lore he depreciates? The collections of the library upon the subject are composed of the reports of observers upon the island. But is the work of the Commission more than such a report?

Dr. Howe states very trenchantly what, so far as we are aware, has never been doubted, that annexation would be a very great advantage for the Dominican Republic. But there is another question, and that is our own advantage. Nor is that, in a mean sense, merely a selfish consideration. The "high mission" of America, to which Dr. Howe alludes, is, indeed, the extension of liberty. But there are "entangling alliances" of annexation as well as of offensive and defensive treaties. We must extend liberty not only or chiefly by incorporating into our national system all nations who may wish to join us, but by carefully preserving the conditions under which alone liberty is possible. Liberty might lose infinitely, instead of gaining, if we should annex the whole of South America, Mexico, and the West Indies. If the country is indifferent to the subject, it is not because it is deaf to the voice of humanity and liberty, but because it is not at all sure that that voice pleads for annexation.

## "WOULD YOU EAT A 'TOLERABLE' EGG?"

In regretting some remarks in the *Weekly* upon General Butler, a Massachusetts Republican writes: "The point is not that General Butler is a man of strictest principle and rectitude in every respect, but is he not a man of consistency in the main—for ten years at least—of patriotism, of ability, of loyalty, and of a certain amount of real political honesty, if that is not a solecism or Hibernicism?"

Massachusetts, we remind our correspondent, is one of the most advanced political communities in the world. It is owing to the profound and enlightened sentiment of justice which makes it, in American politics, overwhelmingly Republican. Its Republican majority is seventy or eighty thousand. It has Charles Sumner for its Senator. It had John A. Andrew and other spotless men for its Governors. Will it now elect for its chief magistrate a man whom one of his friends admits to be not a man of strict honesty? That was the question we asked; and we said, and we repeat, that should the Massachusetts Republicans nominate him they would degrade and demoralize the party every where. If we are reduced to nominating men whom we know and declare not to be upright, the time has come for the Republican party to dissolve.

He is not exactly honest, he can not be called strictly upright, says our correspondent, but is he not in the main consistent—at least has he not been so for ten years?—and has he not a certain amount of real political honesty? To repeat the words is to answer them. The very doubt which the correspondent expresses infects all confidence and all respect. If you begin by conceding that a man is not strictly honest, how can you invoke respect for his patriotism or loyalty? You have cracked his whole character, and every part is weakened. If we were to make a distinction, which our correspondent invites by his remark, between Republicans of principle and those of policy, to which would General Butler belong? Are there none of the other kind left for Governor in Massachusetts?

## PERSONAL.

In one of his exceedingly interesting "Reminiscences of Public Men" Colonel Forney tells a capital anecdote of a Western citizen: John Guy, who kept the National Hotel at Washington, bore a striking resemblance to General Lewis Cass, who was one of his guests. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in, after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed! "Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room." The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coldly replied, "You have committed a mistake, Sir: I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said, "Here you are at last! I have just made a devil of a mistake. I met old Cass, and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

—Professor George F. Comfort, author of a series of German Grammars and a German Reader, published by Harper & Brothers, has been selected as professor of modern languages in the new university at Syracuse.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson has nearly finished, and will soon give to the public, his "Poetical Hand-Book for Schools and Students," to the preparation of which he has given much care and time.

—As it stands at present, the Board of Arbitration under the Treaty of Washington is composed of Charles Francis Adams, of the United States; Chief Justice Cockburn, of England; General Menabrea, of Italy; Jacques Staempfli, of Switzerland. The Board will be complete when the Emperor of Brazil names the fifth member.

—Mr. Secretary Delano has indicated a desire to retire from public life as soon as the President can find it agreeable to find a successor, and he flatly denies that he desires to be the successor of John Sherman in the United States Senate. There are two curious incidents in the political history of Mr. Delano. In 1847, when he was candidate for Governor of Ohio, he lacked but two votes of a nomination. In 1862, when a candidate for the United States Senate, he was short by just two votes. But his public career has, on the whole, been a success. He is an able speaker, has served three terms in Congress, was Commissary-General of Ohio in 1861, member of the Ohio Legislature in 1863, and has since filled the offices of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and Secretary of the Interior. He is sixty-two.

—Mr. James R. Doolittle, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, is a gentleman who has displayed considerable activity in "swinging around the circle." He commenced political life as District-Attorney of Wyoming County, New York. He was then a "hunker." Afterward, at the Baltimore Convention which nominated General Cass for the Presidency, he was a "barn-burner," and one of the spokesmen selected to advocate the claims of that delegation to seats in the Convention. In 1853 he went to Wisconsin, and was chosen Judge of the First Circuit of that State. Having "swung around," he was elected by the Republicans to the United States Senate in 1857, and re-elected in 1863. Toward the expiration of his term, finding his prospects of re-election quite foggy, he "swung off" again, and now turns up a "genuine old original Jacobs" Democrat, and the candidate of that party for Governor. He is an active politician.

—Francis P. Blair, Sen., now nearly eighty, and well preserved, physically and mentally, is said to be enjoying in high degree the comforts of "Silver Spring," his fine estate near Washington. Mr. Blair's success in life is the result of his power with the pen. When "nullification" was first developed, in the first year of Jackson's administration, an article against it written by Mr. Blair in a newspaper of Kentucky attracted the notice of the President, and resulted in an invitation to Mr. B., though not then personally known to General Jackson, to remove to Washington and edit the *Globe*, which was started by him. Mr. Blair retained control of the paper during the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler, until the accession of Polk, who required him to sell that journal to Thomas Ritchie. The change was not a success. President Polk afterward besought him to resume his position as editor, but he declined, as he did the Spanish mission for himself, and another diplomatic appointment for his son. Since then he has mingled but little in politics, and is gracefully growing old.

—Bayard Taylor expresses the belief that there lies, from St. Louis northward, far into the regions of Manitoba, and stretching westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains, the richest country in the world. The railways in Iowa and parts thereabout are succeeding beyond expectation, and surpass all precedent.

—There is some talk in Scotland about the Marquis of Bute giving a home to Pio Nono in the Isle of Bute—a little island about nineteen miles long and four miles broad, in the Frith of Clyde, about five miles from the Ayrshire coast. The climate is remarkable for mildness and salubrity, but is particularly humid. The island belongs mostly to the Marquis of Bute, whose seat, Mountstuart, is one of its attractions. Mr. Gladstone is said to have been sounded on the subject, and has no objection to the Pope's residing there, provided he will pledge himself to put down and keep down agrarian outrages in Ireland, which, it is said, he is willing to do. Meantime he is not to visit Ireland without the sanction of the Prime Minister.

—Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P., just deceased, though only forty-nine, had been in Parliament fourteen years. He was an able, amiable, and accomplished gentleman, and took prominent part in all discussions relating to works of benevolence and philanthropy. He was not a very decided man; on the contrary, he avoided extremes. Mr. Bright once said: "I should be sorry to go bear-hunting with the honorable gentleman, for I should be sure, when the fight got serious, he would go over to the bear."

—Colonel William Seaver, who died at Batavia, New York, on the 25th ult., at the age of eighty-two, was one of the earliest settlers of Western New York, and one of its most useful and estimable citizens. The *Evening Post* of this city, in an editorial notice, truthfully remarks that he "filled many positions of trust and honor during his long and blameless life, and exerted a great influence in the political affairs of his section of the State, maintaining through all, 'without reproach, the grand old name of gentleman.' As a journalist, in the editorial management of the Batavia *Spirit of the Times*, he was able and efficient, never compromising the dignity of the profession, but by the force and excellence of his writings making a provincial paper widely known and respected. For forty years he was senior warden of St. James's Church, in Batavia—a term of office probably unprecedented in the annals of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Mr. Seaver lived to see the lonely wilderness into which he went as a pioneer in 1817 dotted over with fair villages and prosperous cities, waving with luxuriant harvests, and teeming with an industrious and enlightened population. Thus associated with the growth and progress of Western New York, from the leveling of the forest to the foundation of universities, Mr. Seaver's name will long be kept in remembrance there, as well for the strength of his public character as for the graces of his private life."

—General Cadwallader C. Washburn, just nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, although but fifty-three, has been elected to Congress six times, and is now a member. He is a member of that vast Washburn family who have been in Congress from all parts of the country for so many years, and one of whom is now taking excellent care of American affairs in France. The particular Washburn who is now on the war-path in Wisconsin was a major-general in the Federal army during the late contest, and though not the hero of any grand military event, did excellent service as a department commander. He now proposes to do Doolittle.

—Hon. William A. Howard is just arrived from China. For six years he was in Congress from Michigan. He succeeded J. Ross Browne as minister to China, the appointment having been suggested to President Grant by the late Anson Burlingame when he was last in Washington. It is curious that some of the things that Mr. Browne predicted would take place in China have taken place, although he was criticised at the time for putting his predictions on paper.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The public debt of the United States, less cash in the Treasury, on the 1st of September was $2,274,122,560 38, which shows a decrease of $9,206,279 60 during the month of August. The coin balance is $90,813,691, the currency balance $7,968,345, and certificates $16,738,000.

A circular has been issued by the State Department requesting all claimants who have not already filed their claims for losses sustained by the depredations of the *Alabama* to file them at once in the State Department. Notice is also given to claimants against the British government for losses not caused by the rebel cruisers' raids to send their claims to Robert C. Hall, Esq., in Washington, the agent of the United States to present and support such claims. The latter class of claims are to be adjusted by the Commission which sits in Washington.

On Sunday afternoon, August 27, the boiler of the steamer *Ocean Wave*, lying at the wharf at Point Clear, near Mobile, exploded, killing about sixty out of two hundred passengers. Out of seven persons comprising one Creole family six were killed. The captain, engineer, and pilot were killed. Only three of the officers escaped.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

There are rumors of an offensive and defensive alliance between Prussia, Austria, and Italy, to counterbalance the apprehended alliance between France and Russia.

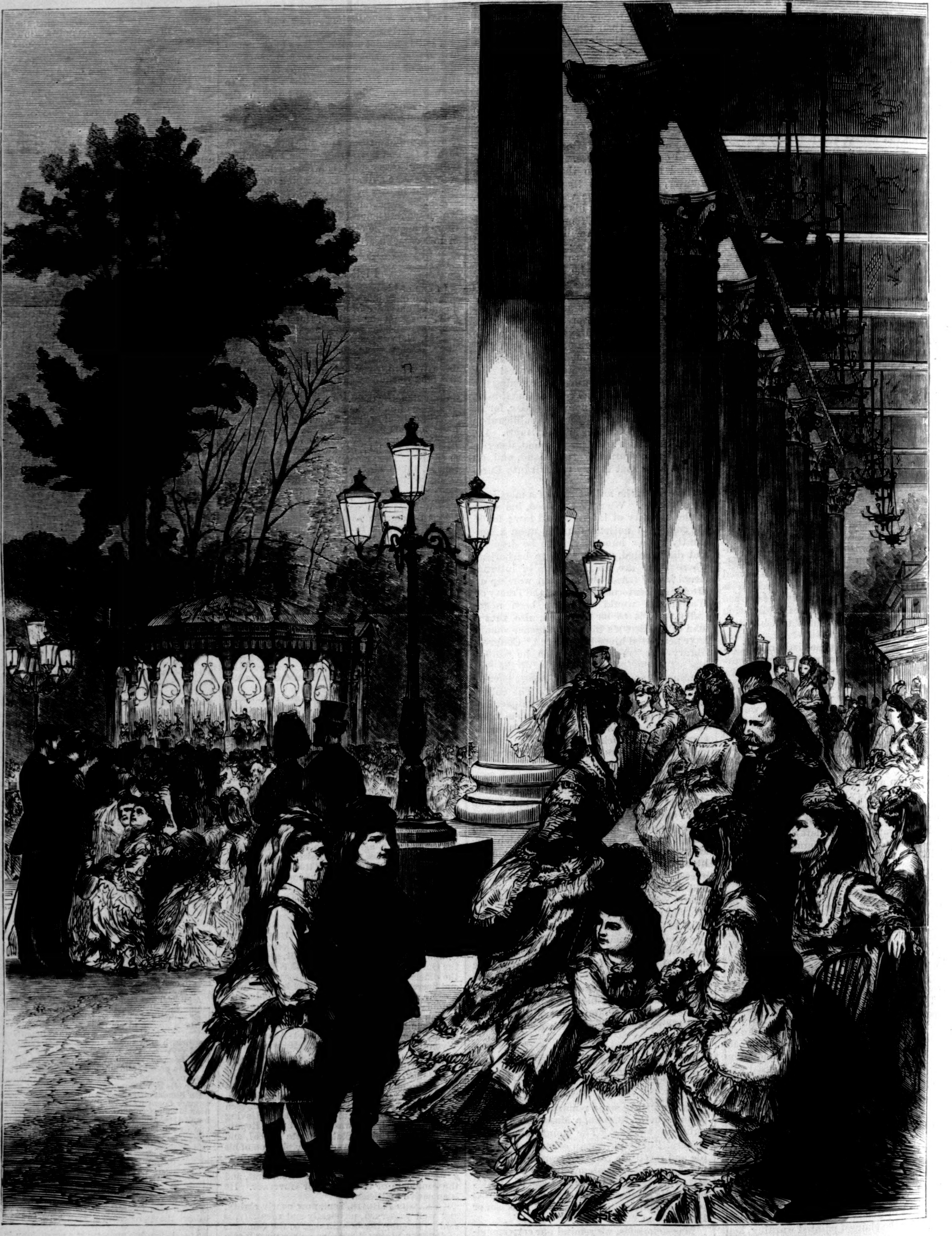
The cholera has appeared in a severe form in Hamburg, Germany.

The French Assembly has passed a bill assuming constituent powers. It includes a paragraph, which was adopted by a vote of 523 to 34, eulogizing the administration of President Thiers. The Assembly has also adopted a decree prolonging the President's term of office.

The Grand Duke Alexis sailed from Cronstadt for this country September 3.

A large Fenian demonstration, attended by 100,000 people, was held September 3 in Dublin. It resulted in a riot, in which many persons were injured before the police succeeded in dispersing the mob and restoring quiet.

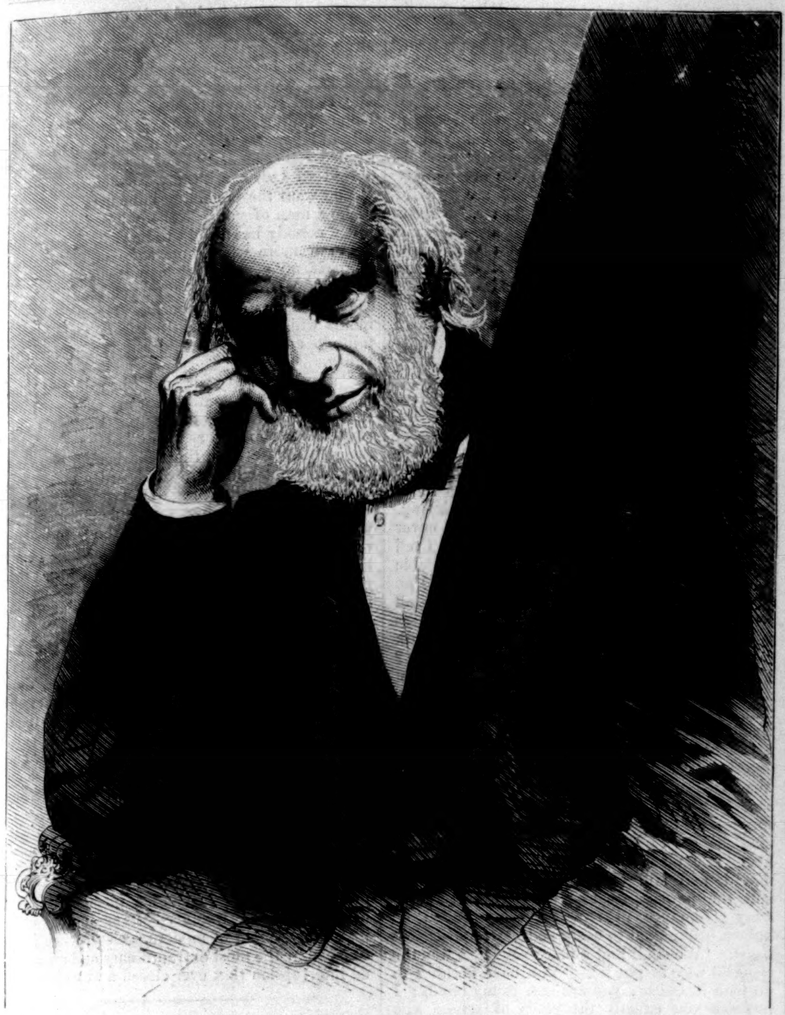
## BADEN-BADEN.



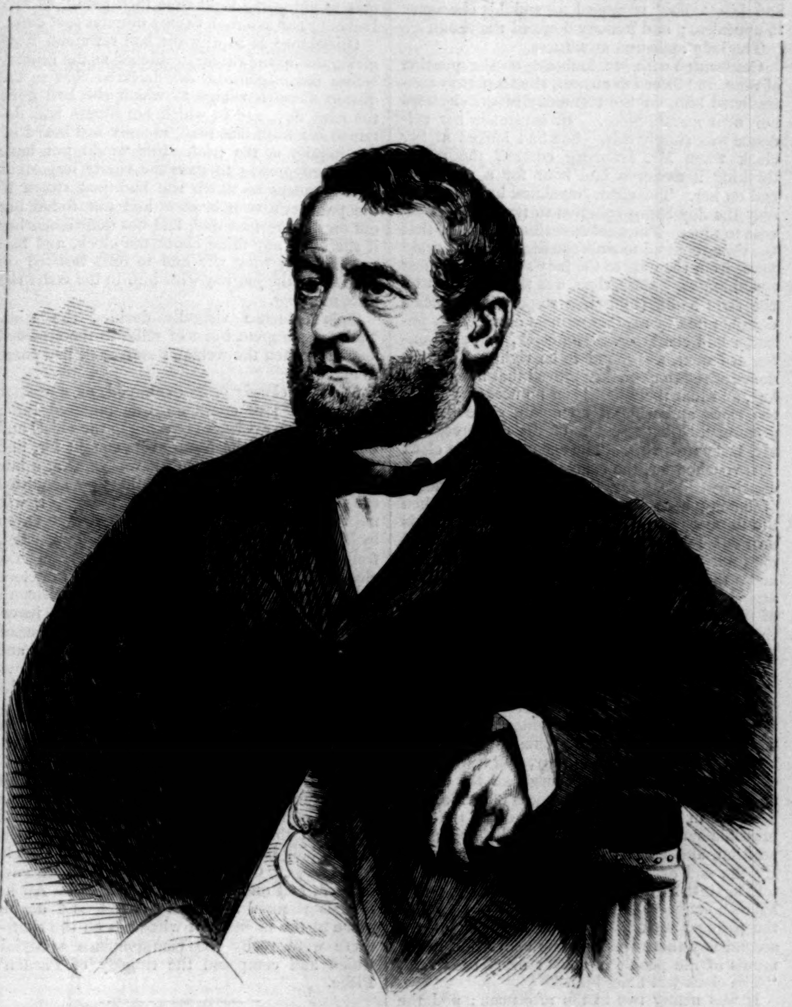
THE LAST YEAR OF THE BADEN-BADEN GAMBLING-TABLES—THE EVENING CONCERT.

THE glories and infamies of Baden-Baden, the most celebrated gambling place in the world, will come to an end this year. The contract of the lessees of the gambling *salons* with the government expires, and the Grand Duke has determined not to renew it. The familiar cry of "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs; le jeu est fait*" will now no longer be heard, and Baden-Baden will have to trust to her other amusements for popularity. Owing to the war, last year's season was broken off suddenly, but this year the town is as full as usual, and the well-known *Conversations-Haus* as crammed as ever.

The illustration on this page represents the outside of this magnificent structure, where visitors, weary of the unceasing din and excitement of the gambling den inside, sit in the cool evening air under the colonnades, and refresh themselves with an ice or the inevitable *café* while listening to the pleasing strains of JOHANN STRAUSS and his magnificent band. Baden-Baden has many attractions besides those that have made the name notorious for years as the resort of the worst characters in Europe. The scenery is delightful, the air salubrious, and the town itself one of the pleasantest in all Germany. The Grand Duchy is particularly rich in mineral waters, there being no less than seventy medicinal springs within its limits, the most celebrated of which are in Baden-Baden. Visitors who resort there for other purposes than spending their own or winning other people's money find plenty of amusement during the gay season, such as balls, a capital opera, a Viennese ballet, races, steeple-chases, hunts, grand *fêtes-champêtres*, and, of late years, pigeon-shooting matches *à l'Anglais*. The gambling saloons are, however, the principal attraction, and when they are finally closed Baden-Baden will subside into an ordinary watering-place. The wealth, the rank, the fashion that have given it celebrity, and provided its varied round of entertainments, will seek other places of dissipation and amusement. The suppression of the gambling saloons has long been demanded by the moral sense of Europe. They made vice respectable, and every year allured thousands of people to ruin. Terrible tragedies have been enacted in those splendid palaces of iniquity, and if their history were faithfully told it would cast into the shade the most harrowing fictions of the novelist. But this season ends their infamous career, and the better part of the world applauds the firmness of the Grand Duke in resisting the pressure that was brought to bear upon him to secure a renewal of the contract. The other and only less notorious gambling saloons at Homburg are to share the same fate.



THE LATE REV. EZRA STILES GANNETT, D.D.—PHOT. BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 863.]



THE LATE CHARLES SCRIBNER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 863.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

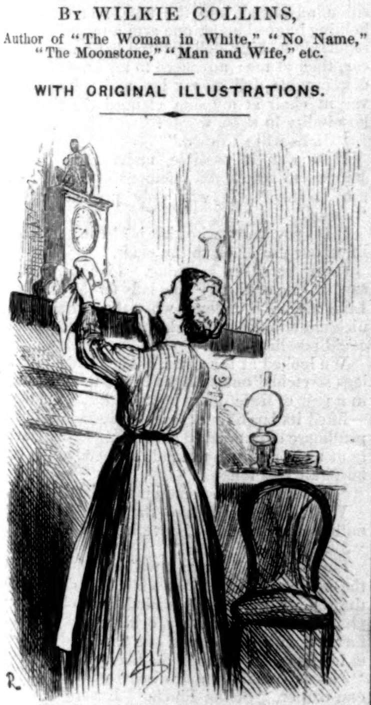
# POOR MISS FINCH.

### A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE SERVANT AND THE CLOCK.

## CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

### THE PERJURY OF THE CLOCK.

WE looked at one another in silence. Both alike, we were obliged to wait a little and recover ourselves.

I may occupy the interval by answering two questions which will arise in your minds in this place. How did Dubourg come to be tried for his life? And what was the connection between this serious matter and the false testimony of a clock?

The reply to both these inquiries is to be found in the story which I call the Perjury of the Clock.

In briefly relating this curious incidental narrative (which I take from a statement of the circumstances placed in my possession) I shall speak of our new acquaintance at Browndown—and shall continue to speak of him throughout these pages—by his assumed name. In the first place, it was the maiden name of his mother, and he had a right to take it if he pleased. In the second place, the date of our domestic drama at Dimchurch goes back as far as the years 'fifty-eight and 'fifty-nine; and real names are (now that it is all over) of no consequence to any body. With "Dubourg" we have begun. With "Dubourg" let us go on to the end.

On a summer evening, some years ago, a man was found murdered in a field near a certain town in the West of England. The name of the field was "Pardon's Piece."

The man was a small carpenter and builder in the town, who bore an indifferent character. On the evening in question, a distant relative of his, employed as farm bailiff by a gentleman in the neighborhood, happened to be passing a stile which led from the field into a road, and saw a gentleman leaving the field by way of this stile rather in a hurry. He recognized the gentleman (whom he knew by sight only) as Mr. Dubourg.

The two passed each other on the road in opposite directions. After a certain lapse of time—estimated as being half an hour—the farm bailiff had occasion to pass back along the same road. On reaching the stile he heard an alarm raised, and entered the field to see what was the matter. He found several persons running from the farther side of Pardon's Piece toward a boy who was standing at the back of a cattle-shed, in a remote part of the inclosure, screaming with terror. At the boy's feet lay, face downward, the dead body of a man, with his head horribly beaten in. His watch was under him, hanging out of his pocket by the chain. It had stopped—evidently in consequence of the concussion of its owner's fall on it—at half past eight. The body was still warm. All the other valuables, like the watch, were left on it. The farm bailiff instantly recognized the man as the carpenter and builder mentioned above.

At the preliminary inquiry the stoppage of the watch at half past eight was taken as offering good circumstantial evidence that the blow which had killed the man had been struck at that time.

The next question was—if any one had been seen near the body at half past eight? The farm bailiff declared that he had met Mr. Dubourg hastily leaving the field by the stile at that very time. Asked if he had looked at his watch, he owned that he had not done so. Certain previous circumstances, which he mentioned as having impressed themselves on his memory, enabled him to feel sure of the truth of this assertion without having consulted his watch. He was pressed on this important point, but he held to his declaration. At half past eight he had seen Mr. Dubourg hurriedly leave the field. At half past eight the watch of the murdered man had stopped.

Had any other person been observed in or near the field at that time?

No witness could be discovered who had seen any body else near the place. Had the weapon turned up with which the blow had been struck? It had not been found. Was any one known (robbery having plainly not been the motive of the crime) to have entertained a grudge against the murdered man. It was no secret that he associated with doubtful characters, male and female; but suspicion failed to point to any one of them in particular.

In this state of things there was no alternative but to request Mr. Dubourg—well known, in and out of the town, as a young gentleman of independent fortune, bearing an excellent character—to give some account of himself.

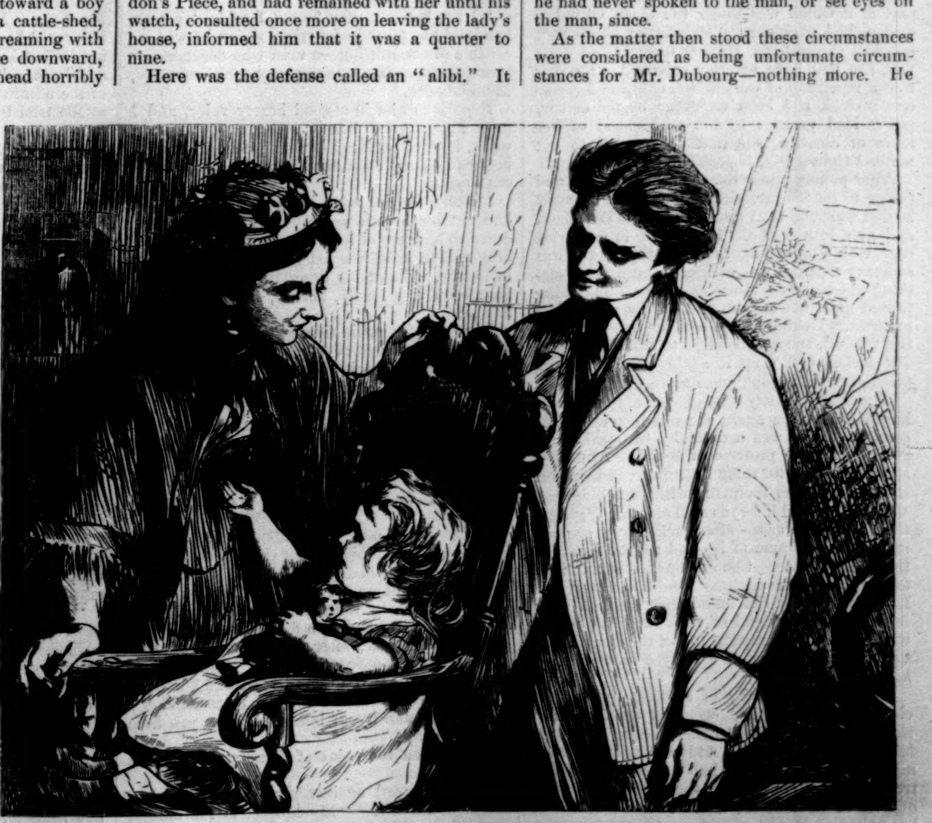
He immediately admitted that he had passed through the field. But, in contradiction to the farm bailiff, he declared that *he* had looked at his watch at the moment before he crossed the stile, and that the time by it was exactly a quarter past eight. Five minutes later—that is to say, ten minutes before the murder had been committed, on the evidence of the dead man's watch—he had paid a visit to a lady living near Pardon's Piece, and had remained with her until his watch, consulted once more on leaving the lady's house, informed him that it was a quarter to nine.

Here was the defense called an "alibi." It entirely satisfied Mr. Dubourg's friends. To satisfy justice also it was necessary to call the lady as a witness. In the mean time another purely formal question was put to Mr. Dubourg. Did he know any thing of the murdered man?

With some appearance of confusion, Mr. Dubourg admitted that he had been induced (by a friend) to employ the man on some work. Further interrogation extracted from him the following statement of facts:

That the work had been very badly done; that an exorbitant price had been charged for it; that the man, on being remonstrated with, had behaved in a grossly impertinent manner; that an altercation had taken place between them; that Mr. Dubourg had seized the man by the collar of his coat, and had turned him out of the house; that he had called the man an infernal scoundrel (being in a passion at the time), and had threatened to "thrash him within an inch of his life" (or words to that effect) if he ever presumed to come near the house again; that he had sincerely regretted his own violence the moment he recovered his self-possession; and lastly, that, on his oath (the altercation having occurred six weeks ago), he had never spoken to the man, or set eyes on the man, since.

As the matter then stood these circumstances were considered as being unfortunate circumstances for Mr. Dubourg—nothing more. He



"JICKS WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO DRINK."

had his "alibi" to appeal to, and his character to appeal to; and nobody doubted the result.

The lady appeared as witness.

Confronted with Mr. Dubourg on the question of time, and forced to answer, she absolutely contradicted him, on the testimony of the clock on her own mantel-piece. In substance her evidence was simply this. She had looked at her clock when Mr. Dubourg entered the room, thinking it rather a late hour for a visitor to call on her. The clock (regulated by the maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at a rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the statement of the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock, on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clock-maker proved that he kept the key, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock thus vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before, terminating in an assault and a threat on his side; and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to commit him to take his trial at the Assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Pardon's Piece.

The trial occupied two days.

No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken at the preliminary examinations—with this difference only, that it was more carefully sifted. Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister in the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position, and eager for proof of his innocence. By the end of the first day the evidence had told against him with such irresistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the minds of the people in court: every body said, "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon; and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the prisoner was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defense.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of a new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and the barristers on either side the Court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as house-maid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents, in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the house-maid then narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress's clock.

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantel-piece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once before done this, she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offense, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to put matters right again, if possible, by herself.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock, and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, with a bronze figure on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she contrived so to lift the clock a few inches and drop it again on the mantel-piece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obstacle. There was a difficulty in opening the glass case which protected the dial. After uselessly searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel. With this she opened the case—after accidentally scratching the brass frame of it—and set the hands of the clock *by guess*. She was flurried at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had overestimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. She had, in fact, set it exactly *a quarter of an hour too fast*.

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again had occurred until the last thing at night. She had then moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed, as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight.

Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone the next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn if the prisoner's twin brother had not found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew any thing about the clock, and had not (hearing what she had to tell) insisted on her taking the journey with him to the court the next morning.

This evidence virtually decided the trial. There was a great burst of relief in the crowded assembly when the woman's statement had come to an end.

She was closely cross-examined, as a matter of course. Her character was inquired into; corroborative evidence (relating to the chisel and the scratches on the frame) was sought for, and was obtained. The end of it was that, at a late hour on the second evening, the jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box. It was not too much to say that his life had been saved by his brother. His brother alone had persisted, from first to last, in obstinately disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried every body with incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the house-maid after the trial had begun; and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted every body: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me any thing about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his death-bed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances. Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel, and an absence at the moment of witnesses on the spot—these were really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy of Pardon's Piece.

## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

### THE HERO OF THE TRIAL.

"You have forced it out of me. Now you have had your way, never mind my feelings. Go!"

Those were the first words the Hero of the Trial said to me, when he was able to speak again. He withdrew, with a curious sullen resignation, to the farther end of the room. There he stood looking at me as a man might have looked who carried some contagion about him, and who wished to preserve a healthy fellow-creature from the peril of touching him.

"Why should I go?" I asked.

"You are a bold woman," he said, "to remain in the same room with a man who has been pointed at as a murderer, and who has been tried for his life."

The same unhealthy state of mind which had brought him to Dimchurch, and which had led him to speak to me as he had spoken on the previous evening, was, as I understood it, now irritating him against me as a person who had made his own quick temper the means of entrapping him into letting out the truth. How was I to deal with a man in this condition? I decided to perform the feat which you call in England "taking the bull by the horns."

"I see but one man here," I said: "a man honorably acquitted of a crime which he was incapable of committing—a man who deserves my interest, and claims my sympathy. Shake hands, Mr. Dubourg."

I spoke to him in a good hearty voice, and I gave him a good hearty squeeze. The poor, weak, lonely, persecuted young fellow dropped his head on my shoulder like a child, and burst out crying.

"Don't despise me," he said, as soon as he had got his breath again. "It breaks a man down to have stood in the dock, and to have had hundreds of hard-hearted people staring at him in horror, without his deserving it. Besides, I have been very lonely, ma'am, since my brother left me."

We sat down again side by side. He was the strangest compound of anomalies I had ever met with. Throw him into one of those passions in which he flamed out so easily, and you would have said, This is a tiger. Wait till he had cooled down again to his customary mild temperature, and you would have said, with equal truth, This is a lamb.

"One thing rather surprises me, Mr. Dubourg," I went on. "I can't quite understand—"

"Don't call me 'Mr. Dubourg,'" he interposed. "You remind me of the disgrace which has forced me to change my name. Call me by my Christian name. It's a foreign name. You are a foreigner by your accent—you will like me all the better for having a foreign name. I was christened 'Oscar,' after my mother's brother—my mother was a Jersey woman. Call me 'Oscar.' What is it you don't understand?"

"In your present situation," I resumed, "I don't understand your brother leaving you here all by yourself."

He was on the point of flaming out again at that.

"Not a word against my brother!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "My brother is the noblest creature that God ever created! You must own that yourself; you know what he did at the trial. I should have died on the scaffold but for that angel. I insist on it that he is not a man. He is an angel!"

(I admitted that his brother was an angel. The concession instantly pacified him.)

"People say there is no difference between us," he went on, drawing his chair companionably close to mine. "Ah, people are so shallow! Personally, I grant you, we are exactly alike. (You have heard that we are twins?) But there it ends, unfortunately for *me*. Nugent (my brother was christened Nugent, after my father)—Nugent is a hero! Nugent is a genius! I should have died if he hadn't taken care of me after the trial. I had nobody but him. We are orphans; we have no brothers or sisters. Nugent felt the disgrace even more than I felt it, but *he* could control himself. It fell more heavily on him than it did on me. I'll tell you why. Nugent was in a fair way to make our family name—the name that we have been obliged to drop—famous all over the world. He is a painter—a landscape painter. Have you never heard of him? Ah, you soon will! Where do you think he has gone to? He has gone to the wilds of America in search of new subjects. He is going to found a school of landscape painting. On an immense scale! A scale that has never been attempted yet! Dear fellow! Shall I tell you what he said when he left me here? Noble words—I call them noble words. 'Oscar, I go to make our assumed name famous. You shall be honorably known—you shall be illustrious—as the brother of Nugent Dubourg.' Do you think I could stand in the way of such a career as that? After what he has sacrificed for *me*, could I let Such a Man stagnate here—for no better purpose than to keep me company? What does it matter about *my* feeling lonely? Who am I? Oh, if you had seen how he bore with the horrible notoriety that followed us after the trial! He was constantly stared at and pointed at, for *me*. Not a word of complaint escaped him. He snapped his fingers at it. '*That* for public opinion!' he said. What strength of mind—eh? From one place after another we moved and moved, and still there were the photographs and the newspapers and the whole infamous story ('romance in real life,' they called it) known beforehand to every body. *He* never lost heart. 'We shall find a place yet' (that was the cheerful way he put it). 'You have nothing to do with it, Oscar; you are safe in my hands; I promise you exactly the place of refuge you want.' It was he who got all the information, and found out this lonely part of England where you live. *I* thought it pretty as we wandered about the hills; it wasn't half grand enough for *him*. We lost ourselves. I began to feel nervous. He didn't mind it a bit. 'You have Me with you,' he said. 'My luck is always to be depended on. Mark what I say! We shall stumble on a village!' You will hardly believe me—in ten minutes more we stumbled, exactly as he had foretold, on this place. He didn't leave me—when I had prevailed on him to go—without a recommendation. He recommended me to the landlord of the inn here. He said, 'My brother is delicate; my brother wishes to live in retirement; you will oblige me by looking after my brother.' Wasn't it kind? The landlord seemed to be quite affected by it. Nugent cried when he took leave of me. Ah, what would I not give to have a heart like his, and a mind like his! It's something—isn't it?—to have a face like him. I often say that to myself when I look in the glass. Excuse my running on in this way. When I once begin to talk of Nugent, I don't know when to leave off."

One thing, at any rate, was plainly discernible in this otherwise inscrutable young man. He adored his twin brother.

It would have been equally clear to me that Mr. Nugent Dubourg deserved to be worshiped if I could have reconciled to my mind his leaving his brother to shift for himself in such a place as Dimchurch. I was obliged to remind myself of the admirable service which he had rendered at the trial before I could decide to do him the justice of suspending my opinion of him in his absence. Having accomplished this act of magnanimity, I took advantage of the first opportunity to change the subject. The most tiresome information that I am acquainted with is the information which tells us of the virtues of an absent person—when that absent person happens to be a stranger.

"Is it true that you have taken Browndown for six months?" I asked. "Are you really going to settle at Dimchurch?"

"Yes—if you keep my secret," he answered. "The people here know nothing about me. Don't, pray don't, tell them who I am! You will drive me away if you do."

"I must tell Miss Finch who you are," I said.

"No! no! no!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I can't bear the idea of her knowing it. I have been so horribly degraded. What will she think of me?" He burst into another explosion of rhapsodies on the subject of Lucilla—mixed up with renewed petitions to me to keep his story concealed from every body. I lost all patience with his want of common fortitude and common sense.

"Young Oscar, I should like to box your ears!" I said. "You are in a villainously unwholesome state about this matter. Have you nothing else to think of? Have you no profession? Are you not obliged to work for your living?"

I spoke, as you perceive, with some force of expression, aided by a corresponding asperity of voice and manner.

Mr. Oscar Dubourg looked at me with the puzzled air of a man who feels an overflow of new ideas forcing itself into his mind. He modestly admitted the degrading truth. From his childhood upward he had only to put his hand in his pocket and to find the money there, without any preliminary necessity of earning it first. His father had been a fashionable portrait painter, and had married one of his sitters, an heiress. Oscar and Nugent had been left in the detestable position of independent gentlemen. The dignity of labor was a dignity unknown to these degraded young men. "I despise a wealthy idler," I said to Oscar, with my republican severity. "You want the ennobling influences of labor to make a man of you. Nobody has a right to be idle; nobody has a right to be rich. You would be in a more wholesome state of mind about yourself, my young gentleman, if you had to earn your bread and cheese before you ate it."

He stared at me piteously. The noble sentiments which I had inherited from Doctor Pratolungo completely bewildered Mr. Oscar Dubourg.

"Don't be angry with me," he said, in his innocent way. "I couldn't eat my cheese if I did earn it. I can't digest cheese. Besides, I employ myself as much as I can." He took his little golden vase from the table behind him, and told me what I had already heard him tell Lucilla while I was listening at the window. "You would have found me at work this morning," he went on, "if the stupid people who send me my metal plates had not made a mistake. The alloy, in the gold and silver both, is all wrong this time. I must return the plates to be melted again before I can do any thing with them. They are all ready to go back to-day when the cart comes. If there are any laboring people here who want money, I'm sure I will give them some of mine with the greatest pleasure. It isn't my fault, ma'am, that my father married my mother. And how could I help it if he left two thousand a year each to my brother and me?"

Two thousand a year each to his brother and him! And the illustrious Pratolungo had never known what it was to have five pounds sterling at his disposal before his union with Me!

I lifted my eyes to the ceiling. In my righteous indignation I forgot Lucilla and her curiosity about Oscar; I forgot Oscar and his horror of Lucilla discovering who he was. I opened my lips to speak. In another moment I should have launched my thunder-bolts against the whole infamous system of modern society, when I was silenced by the most extraordinary and unexpected interruption that ever closed a woman's lips.

## CHAPTER THE TENTH.

### FIRST APPEARANCE OF JICKS.

THERE walked in at the open door of the room—softly, suddenly, composedly—a chubby female child, who could not possibly have been more than three years old. She had no hat or cap on her head. A dirty pinafore covered her from her chin to her feet. This amazing apparition advanced into the middle of the room, holding hugged under one arm a ragged and disreputable-looking doll; stared hard, first at Oscar, then at me: advanced to my knees, laid the disreputable doll on my lap, and pointing to a vacant chair at my side, claimed the rights of hospitality in these words:

"Jicks will sit down."

How was it possible, under these circumstances, to attack the infamous system of modern society? It was only possible to kiss "Jicks."

"Do you know who this is?" I inquired, as I lifted our visitor on to the chair.

Oscar burst out laughing. Like me, he now saw this mysterious young lady for the first time. Like me, he wondered what the extraordinary nickname under which she had presented herself could possibly mean.

We looked at the child. The child—with its legs stretched out straight before it, terminating in a pair of little dusty boots with holes in them—lifted its large round eyes, overshadowed by a penthouse of unbrushed flaxen hair, looked gravely at us in return, and made a second call on our hospitality as follows:

"Jicks will have something to drink."

While Oscar ran into the kitchen for some milk, I succeeded in discovering the identity of "Jicks."

Something—I can not well explain what—in the manner in which the child had drifted into the room with her doll reminded me of the lymphatic lady of the rectory, drifting backward and forward with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other. I took the liberty of examining "Jicks's" pinafore, and discovered the mark in one corner, "Selina Finch." Exactly as I had supposed, here was a member of Mrs. Finch's numerous family. Rather a young member, it struck me, to be wandering hatless round the environs of Dimchurch all by herself.

Oscar returned with the milk in a mug. The child, insisting on taking the mug into her own hands, steadily emptied it to the last drop, recovered her breath with a gasp, looked at me with a white mustache of milk on her upper lip, and announced the conclusion of her visit in these terms:

"Jicks will get down again."

I deposited our young friend on the floor. She took her doll, and stood for a moment deep in thought. What was she going to do next? We were not kept long in suspense. She suddenly put her little, hot, fat hand into mine, and tried to pull me after her out of the room.

"What do you want?" I asked.

Jicks answered in one untranslatable compound word,

"Man-Gee-gee."

I suffered myself to be pulled out of the room to see "Man-Gee-gee, to play "Man-Gee-gee," or to eat "Man-Gee-gee," it was impossible to tell which. I was pulled along the passage; I was pulled out to the front-door. There—having approached the house inaudibly to us over the grass—stood the horse, cart, and man waiting to take the case of gold and silver plates back to London. I looked at Oscar, who had followed me. We now understood not only the masterly compound word of Jicks (signifying man and horse, and passing over cart as unimportant), but the polite attention of Jicks in entering the house to inform us, after a rest and a drink, of a circumstance which had escaped our notice. The driver of the cart had, on his own acknowledgment, been investigated and questioned by this extraordinary child, strolling up to the door of Browndown to see what he was doing there. Jicks was a public character at Dimchurch. The driver knew all about her. She had been nicknamed "Gypsy" from her wandering habits, and had shortened the name in her own dialect into "Jicks." There was no keeping her in at the rectory, try how you might. They had long since abandoned the effort in despair. Sooner or later she turned up again, or somebody brought her back, or one of the sheep-dogs found her asleep under a bush and gave the alarm. "What goes on in that child's head," said the driver, regarding Jicks with a sort of superstitious admiration, "the Lord only knows. She has a will of her own and a way of her own. She *is* a child, and she *ain't* a child. At three years of age she's a riddle none of us can guess. And that's the long and the short of what I know about her."

While this explanation was in progress the carpenter who had nailed up the case, and the carpenter's son, accompanying him, joined us in front of the house. They followed Oscar in, and came out again bearing the heavy burden of precious metal—more than one man could conveniently lift—between them.

The case deposited in the cart, carpenter senior and carpenter junior got in after it, wanting "a lift" to Brighton. Carpenter senior—a big, burly man—made a joke. "It's a lonely country between this and Brighton, Sir," he said to Oscar. "Three of us will be none too many to see your precious packing-case safe into the railway station. Oscar took it seriously. "Are there any robbers in this neighborhood?" he asked. "Lord love you, Sir!" said the driver, "robbers would starve in these parts; we have got nothing worth thieving here." Jicks, still watching the proceedings with an interest which allowed no detail to escape her notice, assumed the responsibility of starting the men on their journey. The odd child waved her chubby hand imperiously to her friend the driver, and cried in her loudest voice, "Away!" The driver touched his hat with comic respect. "All right, miss; time's money, ain't it?" He cracked his whip, and the cart rolled off noiselessly over the thick, close turf of the South Downs.

It was time for me to go back to the rectory, and to restore the wandering Jicks, for the time being, to the protection of home. I turned to Oscar to say good-by.

"I wish I was going back with you," he said.

"You will be as free as I am to come and to go at the rectory," I answered, "when they know what has passed this morning between you and me. In your own interests I am determined to tell them who you are. You have nothing to fear, and every thing to gain, by my speaking out. Clear your mind of fancies and suspicions that are unworthy of you. By to-morrow we shall be good neighbors; by the end of the week we shall be good friends. For the present, as we say in France, *au revoir!*"

I turned to take Jicks by the hand. While I had been speaking to Oscar the child had slipped away from me. Not a sign of her was to be seen.

Before we could stir a step to search for our lost Gypsy, her voice reached us, raised shrill and angry, in the regions behind us, at the side of the house.

"Go away!" we heard the child cry out impatiently. "Ugly men, go away!"

We turned the corner, and discovered two shabby strangers resting themselves against the side-wall of the house. Their cadaverous faces, their brutish expressions, and their frowsy clothes proclaimed them, to my eye, as belonging to the vilest blackguard type that the civilized earth has yet produced—the blackguard of London growth. There they lounged, with their hands in their pockets and their backs against the wall, as if they were airing themselves on the outer side of a public-house, and there stood Jicks, with her legs planted wide apart on the turf, asserting the rights of property (even at that early age!), and ordering the rascals off.

"What are you doing there?" asked Oscar, sharply.

One of the men appeared to be on the point of making an insolent answer. The other—the younger and the viler-looking villain of the two—checked him, and spoke first.

"We've had a longish walk, Sir," said the fellow, with an impudent assumption of humility; "and we've took the liberty of resting our backs against your wall, and feastin' our eyes on the beauty of your young lady here."

He pointed to the child. Jicks shook her fist at him, and ordered him off more fiercely than ever.

"There's an inn in the village," said Oscar. "Rest there, if you please—my house is not an inn."

The elder man made a second effort to speak, beginning with an oath. The younger checked him again.

"Shut up, Jim!" said the superior blackguard of the two. "The gentleman recommends the tap at the inn. Come and drink the gentleman's health." He turned to the child, and took off his hat to her with a low bow. "Wish you good-morning, miss! You're just the style, you are, that I admire. Please don't engage yourself to be married till I come back."

His savage companion was so tickled by this delicate pleasantry that he burst suddenly into a roar of laughter. Arm in arm the two ruffians walked off together in the direction of the village. Our funny little Jicks became a tragic and terrible Jicks all on a sudden. The child resented the insolence of the two men as if she really understood it. I never saw so young a creature in such a furious passion before. She picked up a stone and threw it at them before I could stop her. She screamed, and stamped her tiny feet alternately on the ground, till she was purple in the face. She threw herself down and rolled in fury on the grass. Nothing pacified her but a rash promise of Oscar's (which he was destined to hear of for many a long day afterward) to send for the police, and to have the two men soundly beaten for daring to laugh at Jicks. She got up from the ground, and dried her eyes with her knuckles, and fixed a warning look on Oscar. "Mind!" said this curious child, with her bosom still heaving under the dirty pinafore, "the men are to be beaten. And Jicks is to see it."

I said nothing to Oscar at the time, but I felt some secret uneasiness on the way home—an uneasiness inspired by the appearance of the two men in the neighborhood of Browndown.

It was impossible to say how long they might have been lurking about the outside of the house before the child discovered them. They might have heard, through the open window, what Oscar had said to me on the subject of his plates of precious metal; and they might have seen the heavy packing-case placed in the cart. I felt no apprehension about the safe arrival of the case at Brighton: the three men in the cart were men enough to take good care of it. My fears were for the future. Oscar was living, entirely by himself, in a lonely house more than half a mile distant from the village. His fancy for chasing in the precious metals might have its dangers, as well as its attractions, if it became known beyond the pastoral limits of Dimchurch. Advancing from one suspicion to another, I asked myself if the two men had roamed by mere accident into our remote part of the world, or whether they had deliberately found their way to Browndown with a purpose in view. Having this doubt in my mind, and happening to encounter the old nurse, Zillah, in the garden as I entered the rectory gates with my little charge, I put the question to her plainly, "Do you see many strangers at Dimchurch?"

"Strangers?" repeated the old woman. "Excepting yourself, ma'am, we see no such thing as a stranger here from one year's end to another."

I determined to say a warning word to Oscar at the first convenient opportunity.

## THE LATE DR. GANNETT.

Among the many victims of the terrible railroad slaughter at Revere, Massachusetts, on the 26th of August, was the Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, one of the ablest and most distinguished divines in the Unitarian denomination, and widely respected and loved. Dr. Gannett was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in May, 1801. He fitted for college at the Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, entered Harvard University in 1816, and graduated in 1820, at the age of nineteen.

The three years following he passed at the divinity school in Cambridge, and was ordained and installed as colleague of Dr. William Ellery Channing, and co-pastor of the Federal Street church, Boston, in 1824. Since the death of Dr. Channing he was, until a short time ago, sole pastor of the same church. He was all his life an active laborer with voice and pen in the pulpit, and in the pages of theological magazines and weekly journals.

About a year ago he voluntarily withdrew from the charge of a people whom he had loved, and for whom he had toiled with all his heart for so many years. He still continued, however, to preach and lecture, and at the time of his death was on his way to preach in Lynn. His loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of friends.

## THE LATE CHARLES SCRIBNER.

On page 865 our readers will find the portrait of the late Mr. Charles Scribner, of this city, who died on Saturday, August 26, at Lucerne, Switzerland, whither he had gone in the hope of restoring his shattered health, which, for the past two years, had been so feeble that he had been able to give but little attention to business. In May last, in the hope that entire relief from care and change of scene might be beneficial, he took passage by sailing vessel for Liverpool. A brief tour through Ireland, and a stay of two or three weeks at St. Moritz, Switzerland, had greatly benefited him, and the last letters received from him showed that his mind was turning with all its old activity to business. His return in the course of the fall in renewed health was confidently anticipated; but while at Lucerne he was suddenly attacked with typhoid fever, and died after a short illness.

Mr. Scribner was a native of this city, and at the time of his death was in the fifty-first year of his age. He graduated at Princeton, and subsequently studied law; but, satisfied that his health would not endure the confinement of professional life, he turned his attention to the business of book publishing, and in 1846 formed a partnership with Mr. Isaac D. Baker, under the firm name of Baker & Scribner, and commenced business in the old Brick Church. Mr. Baker died in 1850, and the business was prosecuted by Mr. Scribner alone until 1857, when he purchased the English importing business of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin, & Co., and took Mr. Charles Welford as partner in that branch.

Mr. Scribner was a man of ripe scholarship, excellent business judgment, and was respected and esteemed by all who came in contact with him in business or private relations.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The fortieth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place at Edinburgh on the 2d of August, lasting a week, and the reports of the proceedings are beginning to appear in the English journals. So far, we have the inaugural address of the president, Sir William Thompson, and those of the chairmen of several of the sections, together with reports of proceedings of the first few days. By a time-honored custom the president's address is made to constitute a résumé of the progress of science during the preceding year, together with notices of the principal losses which have been sustained in the deaths of its votaries. The names in this latter category most prominently referred to are Sir John F. Herschell and Professor De Morgan.

The services rendered directly by the British Association in the advancement of science are also adverted to in the address, special stress being laid upon the operations of the Kew Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory.

Advices from Professor Hayden's exploring expedition in the Yellow Stone Lake region have been received up to the 8th of August last, and contain a satisfactory exhibit of progress. After establishing the dépôt of supplies already referred to on the Yellow Stone River, about one hundred and forty miles below the lake, the party ascended the river, and reached the lake on the 26th of July, where they made a new camp. They then began at once to survey the lake with the most approved apparatus, by the aid of a boat taken along for the purpose, and expected to be able to ascertain the exact contour as well as the principal depths. They had already found several places in the lake where the depth reached three hundred feet, especially along the line of a certain channel-way, and they confidently expected to find soundings of at least five hundred feet.

They explored one of the islands in the lake, which they called Stevenson's Island, and found it to contain about fifteen hundred acres, densely wooded, and with thick and almost impenetrable underbrush, consisting largely of gooseberry and currant bushes, loaded down with ripe fruit. On the threshold only of the wonderful natural phenomena in the way of geysers, boiling springs, etc., described by Lieutenant Doane and Governor Langford, they were satisfied that the description fell far short of the reality, which they, indeed, despaired of being able to portray, even with the aid of photographic views and sketches.

One of these geysers once in thirty-two hours threw up a column of water about eight feet in diameter to a height of over 200 feet. Hundreds were met with having columns from ten to fifty feet high, some playing all the time, and others only at intervals. The hottest springs were found to vary in temperature from 188° to 198°, the boiling-point at that altitude amounting to about 195°. Most of the springs were ascertained to be divisible into two principal classes, one class containing silica, sulphur, and iron, and the other, silica and iron only.

The elevation of the lake was determined to be about 8500 feet; the altitude of the surrounding peaks being, of course, very much greater. An abundance of trout was found in the waters, of excellent flavor, although much infected with intestinal worms. Game was scarce immediately around the lake; but at a short distance it was said to be very abundant. In addition to the topographical and geological collections, others were being made in all branches of natural history, for a full account of which, as well as a description of the phenomena in general, we shall look with interest to the forthcoming report of the expedition.

The London *Athenæum* contains a detailed account, probably from the pen of Dr. William B. Carpenter, of the proposed plan of extended deep-sea research to be prosecuted under the care of the British naval authorities. The article calls attention to the extent to which similar enterprises have been fostered by other governments, and expresses the hope that Great Britain will not be behind them. It is suggested that an expedition, to be continued for at least three or four years, and to direct its labors into the deep seas of various parts of the globe, should be fitted out at an early date, be fully provided with every means necessary for thorough research, and be accompanied by men of science competent to the labor connected with such an enterprise. An appeal is made to the public spirit of the authorities on the plea that Englishmen have heretofore been foremost in such work; that it is to them we owe almost all of our knowledge of deep-sea dredging; while submarine work generally, such as laying cables, is almost exclusively in their hands.

In summing up the results which have been accomplished within a few years past by different nations, the writer remarks that among the fallacies exploded is that which fixes the temperature of the deep seas in all parts of the globe at about 39° Fahrenheit. So far from this being the case, however, a temperature of 32° was reached at a depth of 600 fathoms; while in adjacent areas, and at the same depth, no less than 47° was observed. Again, instead of a supposed constant absence of animal life at and below a certain depth, we have a fauna of the utmost variety and unexampled richness in species, the differences in temperature exhibiting equally striking differences in zoological conditions.

Another point of interest is the detection, at certain depths, not only of genera, but even of species, that have their representatives in the tertiary if not the cretaceous formations of the land, and of many the differences that are noted are not greater than might occur in a gradual modification of a primitive type under long-continued physical influences. The desire is expressed, in the article referred to, to have deep-sea work in the Indian, Pacific, and Southern oceans, in view of the different conditions under which life probably presents itself there; since, if we find objects so remarkable in European and American waters, we may be prepared to find others equally striking and totally diverse in other localities.

The death of Mr. George Tate, of Alnwick, Secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, is announced as having occurred on the 7th of June, at the age of sixty-six. Although his name is not associated with any important discovery in science, he is well known as the author of interesting papers on the archæology and geology of his neighborhood.

Dr. Edward Heis, of Münster, in Westphalia, has communicated to *Nature* a series of observations as to the contemporaneous occurrence of aurora borealis in Europe, and of aurora australis, as observed by Mr. C. Moerlin, of the Melbourne Observatory, in Australia, which is of very great interest. From these observations it would appear that a remarkable display of auroræ in one hemisphere is almost always accompanied by a similar display in the other hemisphere, or by great magnetic disturbance. The greatest magnetic disturbances during 1870 at Melbourne occurred on April 5 and October 25, accompanied by brilliant auroræ, on both of which days similar phenomena were observed in Europe; on the latter date the disturbance continued during two days. At all the dates on which auroræ were observed, magnetic disturbances invariably took place, of a greater or less extent; but disturbances occurred also at other times of the very same nature as took place generally during auroral displays, on which, however, no auroræ were observed.

As an addition to the list of exploring expeditions tending either directly or indirectly to develop a knowledge of the natural and physical features of the North American continent, we may mention that a party of civil engineers has lately been organized at Victoria to survey a route for a proposed railroad through British Columbia and the Red River country to Canada. This is stated to be provided with ample means for the purpose of making a minute geographical reconnoissance of the country, and is expected to add much to our knowledge of the general geology of the continent.

Much interest was excited in the scientific journals some time ago by the account given in the Panama papers of the flights of a beautiful butterfly, the *Urania leilus*. By late advices from Panama we learn that these insects were passing over that city, from west to east, in July last, in very large numbers, and in some cases were attracted into houses by the light so as almost to fill the apartments. They are said to be accompanied during the day by swallows and swifts, and in the night by the different species of goat-sucker, which probably destroy large numbers. Nothing is at present known, however, of the place whence they came, nor the region to which they are ultimately bound.

Although the settlement of Alaska proceeds slowly, yet we may infer that it is progressing steadily and surely, since we are informed that on the island of Unalaska there are already nine commercial and business houses, and that a lager-bier brewery and billiard saloon are soon to be added to the permanent institutions.

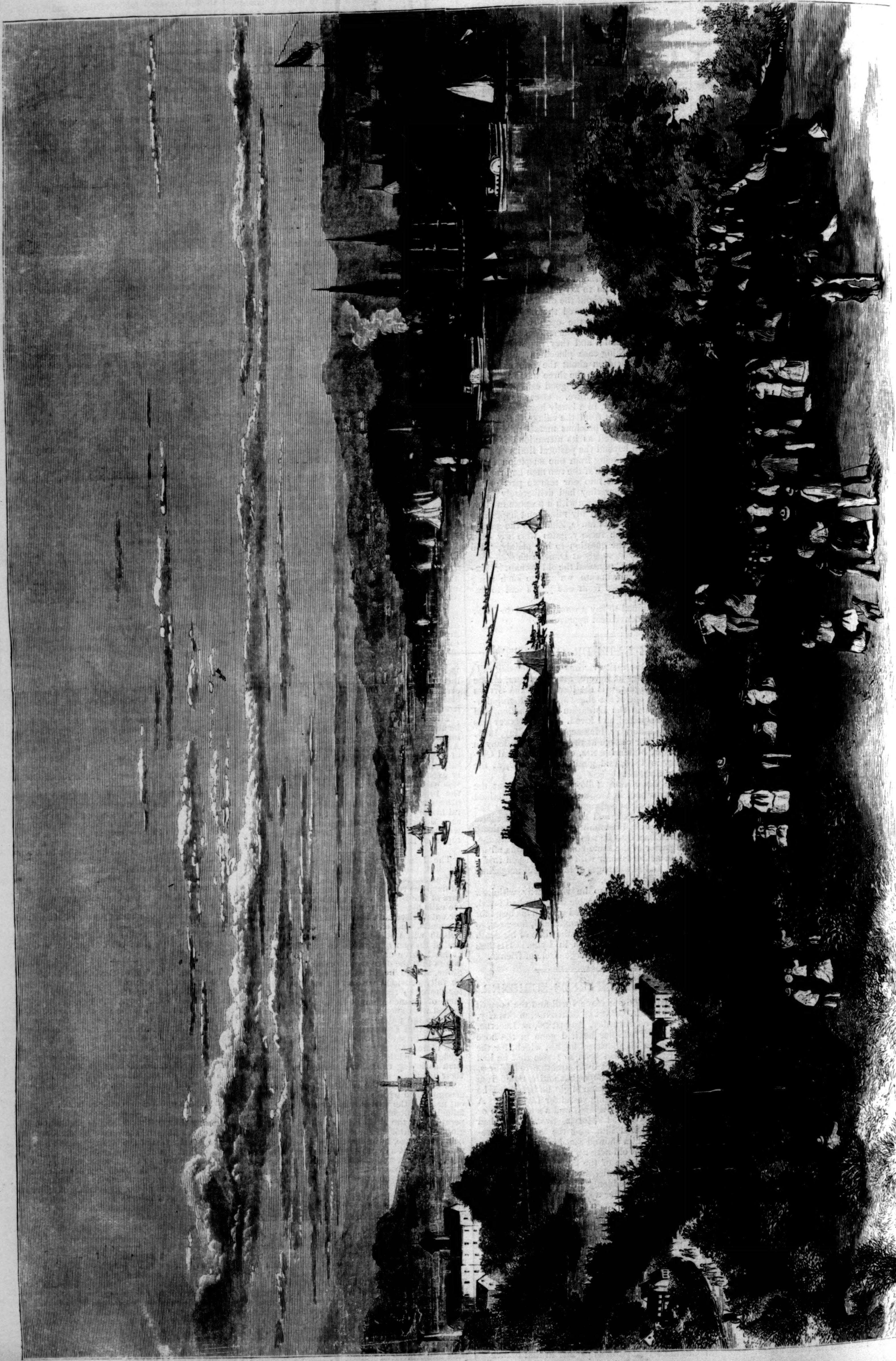
This island is the principal head-quarters for all the fishing and whaling expeditions bound for Plover Bay, Bristol Bay, Behring Sea, and the Arctic Ocean, as vessels can be there refitted, obtain supplies, and procure excellent fresh-water in abundance. In further refutation of the unfounded impression that Alaska is a bitterly cold region, we learn that the ice crop of the past season was extremely meagre, and not sufficient to meet the wants of the Pacific Coast.

It is probably with reference to the enterprise in question that we owe the promise of a visit from Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, a gentleman who has been so long associated with deep-sea work. He is expected in this country in the course of the summer; and though his stay will be a short one, we trust that he will be enabled to secure personal conference with the leading American naturalists, and to make such an examination of our sea-coast fauna as he desires. He will probably arrive in time to meet Professor Agassiz before he starts on the expedition to which we have already referred, and which contemplates the expenditure of at least a year of time in an exploration of the physics and natural history of the deep seas of both the Atlantic and Pacific, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey.

The annual session of the international congress of prehistoric anthropology will take place in Bologna on the 1st of October next, and will last eight days. The questions to be considered at this session are as follows: first, the age of stone of Italy; second, the caverns on the borders of the Mediterranean, especially those of Tuscany, compared with the grottoes in the south of France; third, the Lacustrian habitations and the peat bogs of the north of Italy; fourth, analogies between the Terramares and the Kjoekkenmœdding; fifth, the chronology of the first substitution of bronze for iron; sixth, various questions as to the different races who have peopled different portions of Italy.

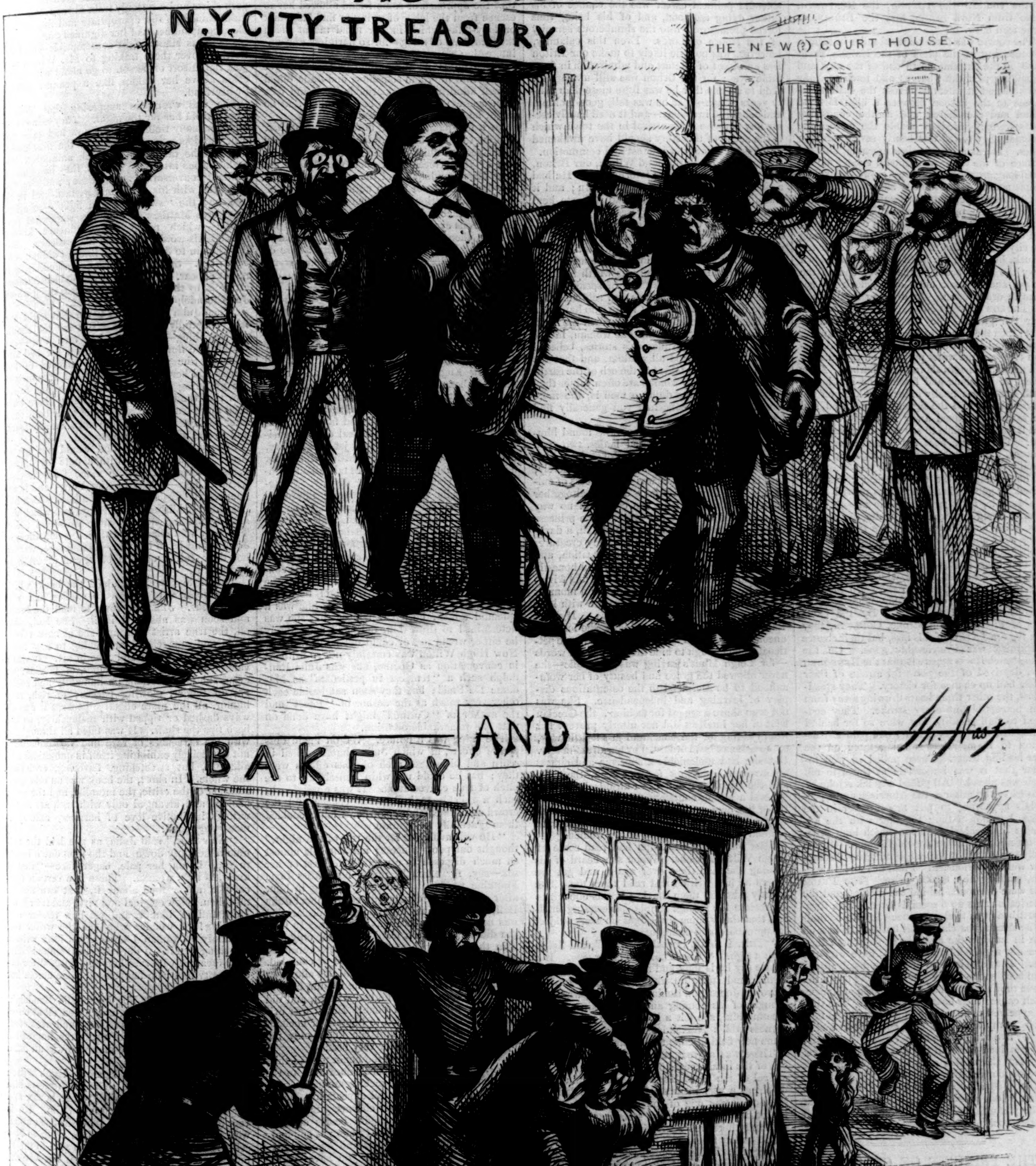
Among the positive results of the British expedition to Abyssinia we have an elaborate report from the pen of Dr. Otto Finsch upon the birds collected during the march by Mr. William Jesse, zoologist of the expedition. Our first knowledge of the bird fauna of that country was derived from publications by Ehrenberg and Hernprich and Dr. Rüppell, and more recently by Von Heuglin and Dr. Brehm. In the present report the general results of the previous explorations are introduced. Two hundred and nineteen species were obtained out of eight hundred known to inhabit Northeastern Africa.

The apparent approach of cholera toward Western Europe has excited, as might be expected, much attention in the European journals, and numerous suggestions are made in the way of prevention and precaution. Among other ideas of considerable practical moment is that of flushing the streets of cities with water after having been previously sprinkled with carbolic acid or Condy's fluid. In this way the disinfecting substances will be generally distributed where they can act to best advantage in destroying the germs of disease.



THE FOUR-OARED INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—From a Sketch by J. W. Gray.—[See Page 866.]

# WHOLESALE.


N.Y. CITY TREASURY.
THE NEW(?) COURT HOUSE.
Th. Nast
AND
BAKERY

# RETAIL.

## THE HALIFAX REGATTA.

On the 31st of August one of the most spirited and most interesting regattas on record took place in Halifax Harbor. Six crews took part in the contest—the Taylor, the Renforth, three from Nova Scotia, and the Biglin, or American crew.

The course was three nautical miles in length, commencing at the piers of the Halifax Yacht Club, at the extreme north end of the city, and extending past the wharves and town to stake boats placed at intervals across the eastern entrance to the harbor, between a high fortified island and the shore; and as the competing boats were required to double the course, the distance they rowed was nearly seven common miles. It was a bright, clear morning, and the surface of the water was smooth except for the usual long groundswell. Great crowds of excited people poured out of the city about nine o'clock, and gathered upon numerous stands erected near the club-house, on the green banks of the basin opposite, in countless small boats on the water, and upon docks, ships, and house-tops all along the city front. The race was advertised for ten o'clock, but a gale the night previous had blown away the stake boats at the lower end of the course, and it took until one o'clock to get them in order again. In drawing for position the Taylor crew got No. 1, giving them a place near the piers. The Renforth crew came next; then the three Nova Scotia crews—Roche, Prior, and Barton; while the Biglin American crew got the worst position, on the outside, and near the eastern shore of the harbor. After a deal of hallooing and fussing the interloping small boats were finally induced to keep off the course, and at 1.54 the signal-gun was fired, and the swift gigs leaped away so nearly together that it was impossible to say which got the water first. The Roche boat fell behind after a few minutes, but the other five kept together pretty steadily for the first two miles.

The advantage the two English crews had gained by getting inside positions proved to be considerable, for it gave them the smooth water inshore, along the wharves; while the Americans, being out in the stream, got the full force of the wind and rough water in mid-channel. In turning the stake boat the American crew lost full two boat-lengths through the stupidity of some judge, or other official, who was lying in a long black boat fastened to the stern of their stake boat, which considerably increased the distance they had to make. By the exertions of their powerful stroke, Coulter, they soon regained a part of this loss, but their chance of winning was irretrievably gone. On the home stretch it was apparent that the Renforth crew, deprived of the powerful stroke of their leader, had no chance for victory. They steadily lost, the other three boats drawing away from them perceptibly at every stroke. They continued to pull steadily, but were so far behind for the last two miles that no one paid any attention to them, all eyes being fixed on the three leading boats. These pulled so well together that it was impossible at times to tell which was ahead. All pulled a quick stroke of 42 to 44 to the minute, the Americans and provincials appearing to put more power in the stroke, but not pulling together with the admirable mechanical precision which long practice together had given the Englishmen. It was finally announced by the judges that the Taylor crew were victorious, in 45 minutes and 45 seconds, winning the $3000 prize. The Prior crew were 8 seconds behind the victors, and the Americans came up 5 seconds later. The Renforth boat was twelve or fifteen lengths behind.

The Americans claim that but for the loss of time in turning the stake boat, for which they were not responsible, they would have won the race. They also labored under the disadvantage of an accident to their boat. In going down the course they struck a half-sunken piece of timber, which caused their boat to leak badly. The timber appeared to be a piece of ship stuff, and they carried away from it a chip about eight inches long by five wide, which lodged across their bows, and remained there all the rest of the distance. Coulter thinks this accident threw them back three or four lengths.

The illustration on page 864 is drawn from a sketch by our special artist. It shows that part of the picturesque harbor of Halifax over which the race took place.

## THE PRINCESS OF CULTURE.

### By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

In one of the Eastern States there is a town which shall be nameless here, but which has certain pretensions that may serve to identify it in the minds of some of my readers. It is comparatively a small town as yet, but it claims to be growing, for its time, as quickly as Chicago, to be as intellectual as Boston, and to have girls as beautiful as those of Philadelphia or Baltimore. The season of intellect and fashion was at its height in this town, some year or two ago, when a remarkable fluttering was created in all its polite circles by the arrival of a distinguished traveler from Europe. This was no ordinary lion of one season, but a man to make himself observed and heard of wherever he might happen to go. He was celebrated as a traveler, explorer, and geographer; he had written books which found readers every where; he had been present, out of mere love of adventure, and as a spectator, at nearly all the great battles which were fought within possible reach of him, from Balaklava to Solferino, from Solferino to Gettysburg, and from Gettysburg to Sadowa. He was a scholar and a thinker. He was the eldest son of an English peer, and was himself a rising man in the English House of Commons. He had won the special commendation of Stuart Mill—one of the two or three men whom the civilized world holds at any one time in whose eyes mere rank does actually count for nothing. The only obstacle to his making for himself a splendid political career was the chance of his father dying too soon, and of his being thus forced prematurely into the slumberous serenity of the House of Lords. Even this calamity, however, was not one likely to make our Briton less an object of interest and admiration in feminine eyes; for the Briton was still unmarried. Add to all this that he was little more than thirty years of age—that he was tall, good-looking, and delightful in society—and it need hardly create any surprise if his arrival in the town which is the scene of this story should have awakened an unusual amount of interest and commotion.

The Hon. Hugh Rowland Wilton, our Briton, was traveling merely for information. He had a sincere and profound anxiety to learn; and it was this very anxiety which had hitherto kept him beating about so many seas of knowledge, uncertain what course finally to steer. Personally he was a modest, simple creature, full of manhood and quiet earnestness, with as little self-conceit or even self-consciousness about him as if he had done nothing and was worth nothing. Nay, but that is a foolish way of speaking, because the most self-conscious and self-conceited people in the world are just those who have seen the least, done the least, and are worth the least. The cock, the cat, and the old woman, in one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, believed that they monopolized all wisdom, and that the parish they lived in folded in the orb of the earth. I fancy that homely women are often vainer than pretty ones, and the duller a man is, the more dogmatic and self-conceited you generally find him.

The town in which Wilton now found himself had, among its unmarried ladies, two rival queens, or, let us say, princesses, of society. One was the princess of fashion—of fashion merely, that is to say; the other was the princess of culture. The former we may dismiss altogether from our consideration; she comes in no way into the real tissue of our story. The princess of culture was Miss Julia Lee Randolph, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, handsome, queenly creature, who "went in" for intellect and education, and art and the æsthetic, and professed and honestly felt a supreme scorn for mere fashion and frivolity and wealth. Do not imagine for a moment a lean and gaunt Minerva—a creature with lank elf-locks and ink-bedabbled fingers. If Julia Randolph did wear blue stockings, she followed unconsciously Leigh Hunt's advice, and wore petticoats long enough to hide them, in other words—for Leigh Hunt's saying was a parable—she never allowed the grace and beauty of her womanhood to be sacrificed to the ostentatious display of learning and independence. She was not even above a regard for fashion, the Grecian bent of her intellect did not utterly prevent her from yielding for the hour, and just a little way, to the Grecian bend ordained by her dress-maker. But she had undeniably a supreme and almost an arrogant contempt for the weak, the dull, and the frivolous; and I am afraid she had in general a strong contempt for the great majority of her own sex. She hardly endured one-fourth of the men she met; she did not even pretend to endure one-tenth of the women.

Miss Julia Lee Randolph had read some of Hugh Wilton's books. When she heard of his coming she read them over again, and got the others he had written and read them too. She greatly admired them, having brains enough to appreciate the strong, simple, penetrating intellect that threw some fresh light on every subject it approached and examined.

"This, I think, is really a man," said Julia, with a sigh. "I have not seen many *men*. But I dare say he is ugly and awkward, or cold and formal, and stuck up like the English lord in 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson.'" Still, when she thought of his coming and the certainty of her meeting him, she felt a little of the nervous eagerness which Alexander may have felt when some new field of conquest opened before him.

There was a great reception at the house of one of the local leaders of society in honor of the arrival of the Hon. Hugh Wilton. Julia Randolph, as a very intimate friend of the lady of the house, was one of the early arrivals. She looked very handsome and stately and intellectual, and there was something like the light of battle on her face.

Her friend, the hostess, whispered to her: "Julia, my love, we look to you to keep up the intellectual repute of the place in the eyes of this British lion. My husband tells me he cares for nothing but intellect. Only take care of your heart, dear: he is very good-looking."

Julia flushed a little at the words; then slightly tossed her head, as if to say, "My heart is in no danger. Let *him* beware!"

"My dear Julia," her hostess again went on, "allow me to introduce a very particular friend of mine from the country, Miss Lena Fontaine."

Julia's thoughts were not much on women just then, and she cast rather a careless glance at the pretty little fair-haired girl, with deep gray-blue eyes, who stood before her. The young lady was tastefully and even rather elegantly dressed; in the fashion, but not extravagantly in it; so dressed, in fact, that you had nothing particular to say or think about her clothes. Miss Randolph at once set her down as wanting originality, as merely commonplace.

"I do want you two to be such friends," said the hostess.

"I am sure we shall be," said Miss Fontaine, with a smile of genuine good-will, and holding out her hand a little timidly to the tall and stately Julia.

Julia was very gracious—a good deal too gracious—in manner; but as her bright eyes took in her new acquaintance's exterior at a glance, she did not seem to care much about swearing an eternal friendship. She set down the small, pretty, smiling girl as a little wax doll, a commonplace drawing-room girl, and was quite glad that the approach of some friend allowed her to escape from the labor of trying to find baby-talk or lady-talk—which in her mind meant much the same sort of thing—for so harmless and uninteresting a creature.

The Hon. Hugh Wilton had by this time got quietly into the room somehow, and Julia found herself admiring his remarkable head and face even before it occurred to her to think that he might be the hero of the evening.

In a few moments her hostess brought Mr. Wilton to Julia, and introduced him in a tone which seemed quietly to indicate Julia's place as one of the princesses of society. Wilton sat near Miss Randolph, and the most unconscious of women could not fail to notice the glance of genuine admiration with which he paid sincere and spontaneous homage to her noble presence, her lustrous eyes, her fine features.

Here, then, had Julia really taken the field to conquer. For herself, she was quite aware of her beauty—there never was a handsome woman yet, outside the pages of a novel, who did not know herself to be handsome—but her pride was in her intellect; her strength she believed to lie in her conversation. She was really desirous to do all she could to impress Hugh Wilton.

Did she impress him?

Well, Hugh Wilton was an Englishman, and very few Englishmen are fluent at all times; most of them are not fluent at any time. But the very best of talkers are commonly men of a certain sensitive fibre, and only come out in their true force under genial and favorable conditions. Wilton had a good deal of that sensitiveness. A slight chill, a cold jet of formality, had sometimes gone near to shutting him up for a whole evening. He could not talk about nothing, and he could not talk for display. Something in Julia Randolph's manner impressed him at once with the conviction that she expected him to talk his very best, and meant to talk her very best, and the conviction had a terribly damping effect. You remember that when Goethe, who, if he had been celebrated for nothing else, would have been celebrated for his conversational power, found himself seated for the first time next to Madame De Staël, he either could not or would not talk at all. She was a splendid talker, he felt convinced that she was determined to draw him out, and accordingly he either would not or could not be drawn out. Now Hugh Wilton was certainly not so brilliant in conversation as Goethe, nor was Julia Randolph such a "tempest in petticoats" as Madame De Staël; but they soon sat beside each other very much as the author of "Faust" and the author of "Corinne" might have done on that one remarkable occasion.

The thing was a failure. Wilton made desperate efforts, at which Julia almost smiled in scorn and bitterness, such obvious efforts were they; but he could not whip himself up to the pitch of true conversation. It was a relief—oh, such a relief!—to both when chance and the crowd and the coming up of new friends enabled them gracefully to separate.

"He will avoid me for the rest of the night," thought our poor princess; and she felt almost as much disposed to cry as the feeblest of her sex—say, for example, pretty little Miss Lena Fontaine yonder. "There is nothing in him, after all, he is a regular dull, conventional John Bull," said Julia to herself; but this declaration was not nearly so sincere as the other. In fact, she did not believe a word of it, and only said it in the weak hope of flattering and consoling herself; and she was not flattered or consoled. Wilton's forehead and eyes would not allow her to believe that there was nothing in him, even if she had not read what he had written, and did not know what he had done. But it was evident that she had failed to impress or enchant or even interest him, and she knew only too well that she had done her very best.

Now, ladies who do me the honor to read this, it may perhaps have happened once even to the most charming of you to meet some male creature who has, contrary to all expectation, shown himself insensible to your charms. Lay, then, your hands upon your candid hearts and say whether that very insensibility has not suddenly invested the man with a new and deeper interest in your eyes, and whether you have not become more than ever anxious to win his admiration! Julia had been dosed with flattery, implied and expressed, in her own little circle. This was the first time a man had ever bidden defiance to her charms, and this was the first man in whom she had ever felt a deep and genuine interest. No one in the crowded rooms that night ever could have guessed how near at that critical moment were Julia Randolph's bright eyes to being made all the brighter by an unconquerable tear.

A few moments after, Julia, then restored to herself, and the centre of an admiring circle, cast a glance across the room. Hugh Wilton was seated side by side with Miss Lena Fontaine herself, and was deeply engaged in conversation with her. A little longer, and he was quite absorbed by her. There was no mistaking the fact. "This is the sort of creature even men of intellect admire," thought the princess of culture, bitterly. "A pretty-faced little brainless doll!"

Julia had scarcely exchanged a word with poor Lena Fontaine, but she knew the girl must be a brainless little thing. She knew it. Look at her face! But like all these brainless little things, she has courage enough to carry on a flirtation, and that is all these men care about. At that moment Julia would have been ready to go any lengths, engage in any work which Miss Susan B. Anthony or Miss Lucy Stone might invite her to, had either of these ladies been at hand. I don't say she would have gone all the way with Dr. Mary E. Walker even then: superb skirts and a queenly train always seemed to Julia Randolph the appropriate and indispensable accompaniments of her dignified womanhood. Short skirts she thought contemptible—that little thing over there talking to Mr. Wilton was just the fit sort of person to go about with petticoats above her ankles, like a peasant girl in Switzerland.

She was wrong in supposing that Wilton would avoid her for the night. They came close together many times; and he now had quite got over the depressing influence of the first meeting, and he talked to her with animation and with obvious interest. Indeed, they had quite a brilliant conversation at one time; and she was delighted with his fresh, manly, healthful intellect, and the "sweetness and light"—to adopt the words Matthew Arnold has somewhat perverted—which made their influence known through his words, and even his presence. But it was plain to Julia that his interest did not centre in her. Strange, ridiculous, incredible as it might appear, Hugh Wilton was evidently much attracted by the pretty little brainless thing whom Julia Randolph so utterly scorned.

When Julia reached her home that night she felt profoundly depressed. But for the shame of the thing—shame in her own eyes—she would have flung herself down on her bed and sobbed. She was glad to be relieved of her jewels and her flowers and her ball trappings—the glittering weapons which are so sad to see now that the battle is lost. I fancy there have been more tears shed sometimes after balls than after battles. But Julia did not shed any tears, and so was all the more wretched.

She could not sleep, and would not try to sleep. A small parcel with a note lay on her dressing-table. The note came from a dear friend of hers—a lady in New York—and it announced the dispatch to her of a book which had just been published in that city, and which was already making quite a little sensation there. The lady was charmed with it herself, thought Julia would be so likewise—in any case, wanted her dear Julia's opinion of it, and accordingly had sent it.

The little parcel contained the book, which was a volume of essays or studies, and was anonymous. Julia sat down to read the book, and soon was absorbed in it. She had, after all, the true artist soul, and she at once recognized and appreciated and clung to any thing that was really high and true in art. It was a volume of thoughts, of studies, of fancies; of deep, subtile reflections on humanity and society; of tender, glowing pathos; of rich, racy humor, all the more effective because it was always dashed or tipped with melancholy, as the barb tips the shaft. It was filled all throughout with the evidences of rare and varied culture, not obtrusively exhibiting itself in quotations and allusions, but sweetening, flavoring, enriching the whole. In short, the book was an odd combination of the critic, the moralist, and the poet, blended and arranged only with such art as the writer's instinctive love of harmony and symmetry suggested.

"Now that," said Julia, as she laid the volume reluctantly down, and the faint dawn began to peep in on her pale, eager face—"that, I know, is by a woman. There is a certain delicacy, a minor tone about it, that can not be mistaken. How original and vivid and true it is! How full of humor, and yet how tender and touching! I wonder who can the writer be! Certainly no woman I know could have written any thing like it. I dare say she is some lonely, poor creature who sees herself neglected for every pretty fool who happens to come across her path."

And she sighed. For Miss Julia Randolph, the princess of her circle, now chose, all at once, to imagine herself unappreciated and neglected, just because she had not made the impression she tried to make on one man who was all but a stranger to her.

Let a few days or weeks go on. Hugh Wilton is still in the town. Julia Randolph meets him often; he comes a good deal to her house, and her father and mother delight in him. He is very friendly with her; and she—she has owned, with many secret tears, the bitter truth to herself—is in love with him. One is glad to think, for her sake, that nobody knew it but herself. Her pride, her womanhood, took care of that; for if eyes and looks, and whispered words and frequent quiet talks in corners of crowded rooms, and walks together, and rides together—if all these indications and the tongue of common rumor were not conspiring to deceive, there was something warmer and sweeter than friendship growing up between Hugh Wilton and pretty little Miss Lena Fontaine, Julia Randolph's "brainless doll."

"I suppose it will come to a marriage," said the lady at whose house Julia first met Wilton, when Julia came to visit her one morning. "He seems quite in love with her. She will be very happy, I should think."

"She will, indeed," replied Julia, almost with a sigh. Then, with a dash of malice she could not repress, she added, "I can't understand what he sees in the little creature."

"Dear Julia, are you not prejudiced against her?"

"My dear Mrs. Chandler, what an idea! How could any body be prejudiced against *her?* What is there to be prejudiced against? Outside she is very pretty—and inside, I suppose, she is nothing."

"I don't know that. She does not pretend to great talents."

"I should hope not."

"No; but I really think you quite undervalue her. She is highly accomplished."

"Yes, I dare say. She can play an accompaniment and talk French. They all can."

"I don't mean accomplished in that way merely. But she really is a well-read girl, and, I think, has some brains. You don't know her, Julia."

"I don't. I hardly ever spoke six words to her."

"Then how do you know that there is nothing in her?"

"Oh, I know it by instinct. I know it by her face and her figure—and every thing. She's a pretty little creature, and that's all. Of course that is the highest idea of woman some people can form. Even very clever men don't generally care for any thing more, and I dare say Mr. Wilton will be very happy in his choice."

Mrs. Chandler was sure her friend was mistaken in Lena Fontaine; but Julia Randolph was the recognized dictator of the circle in questions of intellect, and she did not venture to light the course any farther.

One of these nights there was a friendly, social little gathering at the house of a lady of taste and fashion. Hugh Wilton was there, and so were Lena Fontaine and Julia Randolph. There was singing, and Julia sang; she sang and played in bold, brilliant, scientific style, after the fashion of the great singers sufficiently to remind one of them, but unfortunately, as is the case with most amateurs, so long a way after them as to suggest only a sense of venturesome inferiority. Julia did her best; but she was trying to be like Grisi or Titiens, and she was not Grisi or Titiens. She could not help watching the expression on Wilton's face, and she soon saw that his mind was far away from her singing; in fact, he almost started, like a dreamer recalled to wakefulness, when the song was done and the buzz of conventional admiration was going round.

"He has no soul for music," thought Julia. "*She* does not sing, I suppose. I'll never sing again."

She rose from the piano with a bright, proud smile on her face and a bursting heart.

Other bitterness awaited her. Miss Lena Fontaine presently was asked to sing. She went promptly to the piano and began. Julia's eyes flashed, and she bent eagerly forward.

Miss Fontaine began in the simplest style and in low tones a tender, noble old English ballad—a song of a true nature inspired by a love stronger than death. Her voice swelled with the glowing fullness of the feeling that was in the music and in the words, until words, music, and singer became one; and you forgot the girl at the piano, even as she had evidently forgotten herself, and thought only of the thrilling tenderness, the immortal pathos and passion and beauty of the song. And the music ended with no grand crash, no theatric thunder of mechanical emotion, but sank away tenderly and softly, until "there was nothing lived 'twixt it and silence;" and then silence came, and the singer quietly got up and went back to her place.

Julia Randolph's eyes were filled with tears. "There *is* something in this girl," she said to herself. "I think if I were a man of brains and heart I should be in love with her too."

She went home that night thoughtful and sad; and she read again and again some favorite chapters in the little book which had lately become her dear companion, and which was now a recognized success and sensation in the literary world. As she read, a strange, sweet feeling seemed to grow upon her out of the pages; there was a sort of tone in them which she seemed to have but lately heard: the words were like the echo of some familiar music.

"I don't know how it is," she said, and she bowed her head on her hand, "but this book strangely reminds me of that girl's singing. I think I should like to know her, and to have her for a friend. I should like to read this book to her. I almost fancy she could understand it. For her own sake I hope she could not. The duller she is, the more she will be admired."

"So little Lena Fontaine carries off the grand prize after all, Julia," said Mrs. Chandler to her friend a month after this.

"Yes; so I have heard," Julia replied, calmly. "I am glad of it, for both their sakes. She is worthy of him, or of any man."

Mrs. Chandler opened her eyes.

"You have changed your opinion of that girl, Julia?"

"I have, indeed, Mrs. Chandler. I did not know her at first, and I think I did not want to know her; I was, as you said once, prejudiced against her. I have learned to know her lately, and she has taught me much. Since she returned home she has written to me several times. I am very fond of her."

"Mr. Wilton comes back from England to marry her in the fall."

"Yes, I believe so."

"She will be greatly admired in England, I think."

"She will, indeed. I shall be very sorry when she has gone."

"Did you know, Julia, that she is an authoress?"

"I did not exactly know it, but I suspected it. Indeed, I think I may say I knew it."

"You know that she is the authoress of that charming little book you admired so much?"

"I saw her in it at last. I think some faint idea of it dawned on me the first time I heard her sing. But how quiet and modest and unaffected she was! If some of us had written any thing half so good, our self-conceit would have been unendurable."

"Do you know, Julia," said Mrs. Chandler, looking quietly but keenly at her, "I thought at one time that you—in fact—that you rather admired Mr. Wilton?"

"My dear Mrs. Chandler, of course I did, and I do admire him; and therefore I am glad he is getting so good and so gifted a wife. I don't know any other woman who would have a right to marry him."

Her clear, calm eyes kept her secret nobly; and Mrs. Chandler never knew any more.

She never knew what a struggle had taken place in that proud nature, and how it had been disciplined in silent strength, and brought to good. Julia has put off much of her pride of intellect in conquering her love. She does not judge so rashly now either her own sex or the other; she is prepared now to spare the weak, and not even to be too hard on the proud. She is the close and dear friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wilton, and has visited them lately in England. She will be a happy wife herself before long. She likes people with brains always; and none the less because of the "brainless little thing" from whom she has learned so much, and whom she loves so well.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"The Green of the Period" is the curious title of a little book which appears to have given much valuable information to a correspondent of the *British Medical Journal*. It has been the general impression that wall-papers of a *bright* green color only were injurious to health from the arsenic used in making them. But the analysis of eminent chemists proves that every paper which contains any green in the pattern, no matter how little or of what shade, contains arsenic, as a general rule, and is, therefore, harmful. The palest greens frequently contain large quantities of arsenite of copper, the brilliant color being toned down by chalk or white-lead. Arsenic being exceedingly volatile, its effects, by inhalation both of the gaseous emanations and the impalpable dust thrown off from the paper, are highly dangerous. The *Medical Journal* is of the opinion that many of the mysterious diseases of the present day are attributable to this cause, and mentions an instance where a household of fourteen persons mysteriously suffered the effects of slow poisoning for twelve years before it was discovered to have been produced by arsenical wall-papers. During those twelve years numerous physicians were consulted, but none succeeded in affording more than a temporary relief to the peculiar and obstinate symptoms. When at length the idea was suggested that arsenic papers were causing the mischief, all papers containing green were removed and analyzed. The symptoms of poisoning were soon relieved.

It is stated that this has been a very poor season for dealers in soda-water, also for vendors of beer of various kinds. This is referred to the abundant crop of peaches. A delicious peach leaves a flavor in the mouth that nobody wants to destroy; so the money which ordinarily is spent for drinks goes for peaches. We trust there will be a good peach crop for many a year.

A late writer from St. Petersburg states that from the first appearance of the cholera, on the 29th of August, 1870, there have been in St. Petersburg 6817 cases and 2797 deaths. In Moscow and its environs the epidemic is of a very malignant character, and in some of the remote villages, where medical assistance is difficult to obtain, it has committed fearful ravages. Since the 13th of March there have been 3568 cases in Moscow and 1643 deaths.

The very latest coined words we commend to the attention of all publishers of new editions of dictionaries. These words are "carhomicidomanie" and "splittaferriboatassassinsanity." We trust we have not infringed the copyright or patent-right of the coiner by this mention of them.

There are nearly one hundred establishments in this city in which the fat of animals is boiled and resolved into tallow, lard, and oil. A very useful and important business this is, no doubt, but by no means suited to be performed within the limits of a large and crowded city. Facts prove that it is not—perhaps can not be—conducted in such a manner as to be any thing but a nuisance to all in its vicinity. Many of these establishments are located between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets, on the North River, and the air in those sections is extensively pervaded with a sickening odor.

Fires have multiplied to such an alarming extent in Moscow that an investigation into their origin has commenced. Their occurrence has been referred to revenge or hostility from the Socialist party. The investigating commission have already secured four boys of about fourteen who confess to having set fire to several buildings, in return for a considerable reward offered them by unknown persons.

A man, forced by a sudden lameness to use crutches, has been investigating the number and condition of similar unfortunates in our city. He finds he has more companions in misfortune than he had supposed. From statistics furnished by a reliable policeman, it appears that on a single day in August no less than three hundred and twenty lame persons passed over Fulton Ferry. This being only one thoroughfare, we may perhaps make some general estimate of the total number of crutch-bearers in New York. Three establishments in the city devote their attention to the making of these very necessary aids in the lightest and most comfortable styles. Some of them are elegant specimens of art.

The love of the peasantry for the Czar of Russia is genuine, and has been intensified since he decreed the abolition of serfdom. They know that it was all his own doing, and the thirty millions whom he liberated from bondage may be classed among his most devoted subjects.

An exchange publishes a circular for the benefit of young men desirous to prepare themselves for life. The substance of it all is, that "Pioneer Hall" will be the name of a collegiate institution for the training of young men in some branches of knowledge, which will be necessary, now that woman, disenthralled from her fetters, shall take her place in the great arena of public affairs. Of course husbands, brothers, and sons must take their places in the home circle; and they are sadly unfitted for this service by education and experience. The proposed institute will be under the direction of a Virginia matron and an efficient corps of teachers. Cooking in the most artistic style, sweeping and scrubbing, washing and ironing of linen, as well as the washing of plates and dishes, will be taught with the utmost precision. Diplomas will be given to all young men who complete the prescribed course. Students must be provided with two brown linen aprons and six cup-towels. A small charge will be made for other necessary implements.

Many persons do not realize that our American rice is far superior in quality to that grown in the East Indies. The best rice is produced in South Carolina, and Charleston is the great rice market of our continent. During the war the rice plantations were mostly abandoned, and since the return of peace the steady cultivation of it has been a matter of difficulty. Last year, however, the crop was larger than it has been for several years. Chinese labor is called for by planters, as it is said that only African and Chinese laborers can resist the baleful miasmas of the rice swamps. Before the war the finest quality of Carolina rice was exported to Havre for manufacture into rice stone, a beautiful imitation of Parian marble, used for statuettes and other ornaments.

A lady once being asked what she thought a good remedy for bee stings, said that she had never found any thing better than to keep away from the bees! This remedy, however, is not always attainable by those whose work calls them into garden and field, or by those whose greatest pleasure is found out-of-doors among fruit and flowers. The bees have a love for sweet things that leads them into our most charming nooks and corners in the country. Some of them are polite and will not sting unless handled roughly; but it is well to know plenty of remedies, as if you are wounded and have to spend some time in hunting for an antidote the afflicted part will be swollen and less easily cured. Hartshorn is recommended, also kerosene oil, moist earth or clay, honey, soap, vinegar, bruised onions, salt and water, saleratus and water. Any of these remedies which may be at hand should be immediately applied.

A writer on health asserts that the ordinary dress that men wear diminishes their breathing capacity one-fourth, and inquires, "What woman wears her clothing so loose as that? I call a dress too tight that you *hit* when you draw in the fullest possible breath." This definition is very broad, and, if applied literally, few will escape the censure of dressing too tight.

"They say" is the thread upon which an immense deal of scandal is strung. Half the time this little phrase prefaces something which, if not actually slanderous, is at least damaging to the character of some absent person. Watch its use, and see if this is not the case.

An English chemist, after various experiments, announces that it requires twenty-five pounds of milk, one hundred of turnips, fifty of potatoes, fifty of carrots, nine of oatmeal, seven and a half of barley meal, and three and a half of beans, to make one pound of flesh. We suppose that his meaning is that not all, but the specified amount of any one of these articles, is necessary to the pound of flesh.

There is nothing like having a knowledge of other languages than the English, just sufficient to make apt quotations, and to use familiar words and phrases in a striking manner. It gives the impression of a classical education, as in the case of a speaker at a recent public meeting, who remarked, in an impressive and warning manner, "Remember the eyes of the *vox populi* are upon you!" We should suppose the *vox populi* would have been very manifest about that time.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old man picked up half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen-looking rascal; "so hand it over." "Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old man. "Yes," replied the other, smartly. "Then it is not thine," mildly replied the old man; "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy."

When Prices should Come Down—In the *fall*.

### WHIMSICAL EXTRACTS OF WILLS.

*From the Will of General Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, proved in* 1792.

"I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my fingers or toes may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife that, as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

*From the Will of the Rev. Mr. Appleby, of St. Bride's, proved in* 1783.

"I leave my body to be dressed in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat, and breeches without lining and pockets; no shoes (having done walking), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, in order that I may rest comfortably."

*From the Will of a Mariner of Bristol, proved in* 1795.

"My executors to pay, out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, one shilling, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy hazelnuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

A poor fellow, whose name was George King, lying in prison under sentence of death, in King George's reign, sent his Majesty the following simple but earnest petition for pardon:

"George King to King George
Sends his simple petition,
Hoping that King George would pity
Poor George King's condition;
And if King George to George King
Will grant a long day,
George King for King George
Forever will pray."

Such a poet was not to be hanged. His Majesty acknowledged the wit by returning a full and free pardon.

An old lady read about the strike of the wire-drawers in Worcester, Massachusetts, and said that of all new-fangled things wire drawers must be the queerest.

Blue Fishing—Getting nary a bite.

A young man, serenading, sung the following under the wrong window,

"My dear Canora,
My dear Canora—"

Just at that point an old scratch poked her head out the window and sang,

"Young man below there,
Young man below there,
Your dear Canora
Lives four doors below here."

Do want of food and a thrashing have the same effect upon boys?—Yes, decidedly, for both make them *holler*.

Not a Favorite Summer Resort with School-Boys—Long Branch.

"My friend," said a German gentleman to a Scotch friend, "have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a sovereign?" "Oh yes, confidence enough, but no sovereign."

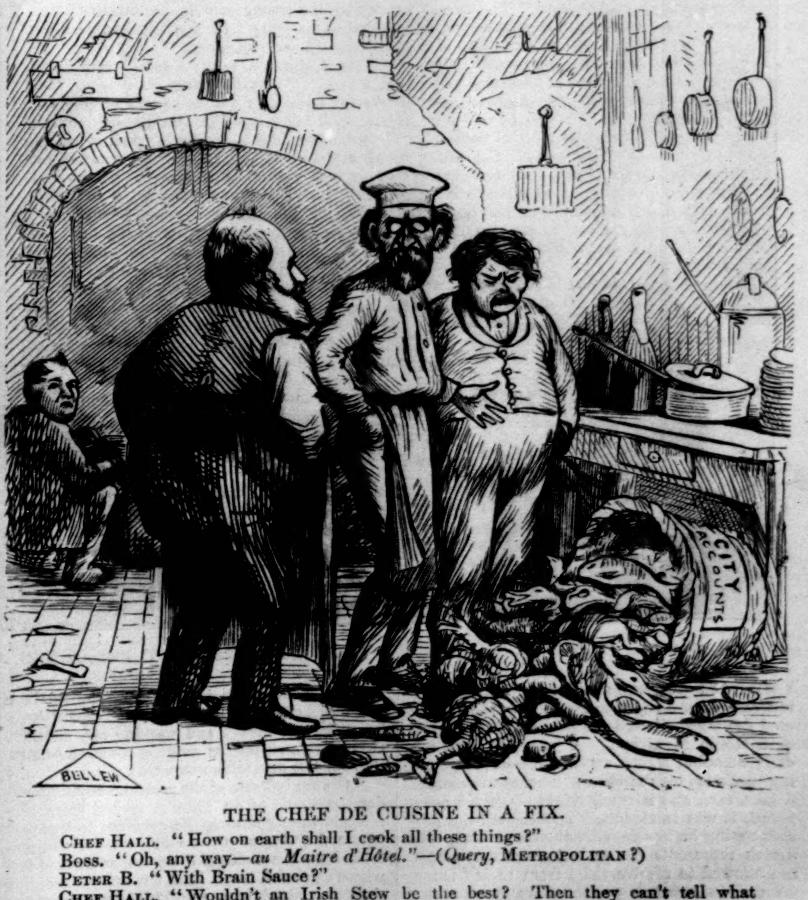
The Best Time to Cut Corn—When it aches.

"Cæsar," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "what do you tink is de most useful ob de comets—de sun or de moon?" "Well, Clem, I don't know dat I should be able to answer dat question, seein' as how I neber had much book-larnin'." "Well, Cæsar, I spec' de moon orter take de first rank in dat partiklar." "Why so, nigger?" "Because de moon shine in de night when we need de light, and de sun shine in de daytime when de light am ob no consequence." "Well, Clem, you is de most larned darky I eber seed. I guess you used to sweep out a school-house for a libin'."

Young women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grumwig—"love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

"If you ever think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; that is the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face, and making annoying comparisons." "Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor: "she'll then praise him, and say hanging would be too good for you."

The Material of which the Tammany Ring is Made—Brass.



THE CHEF DE CUISINE IN A FIX.

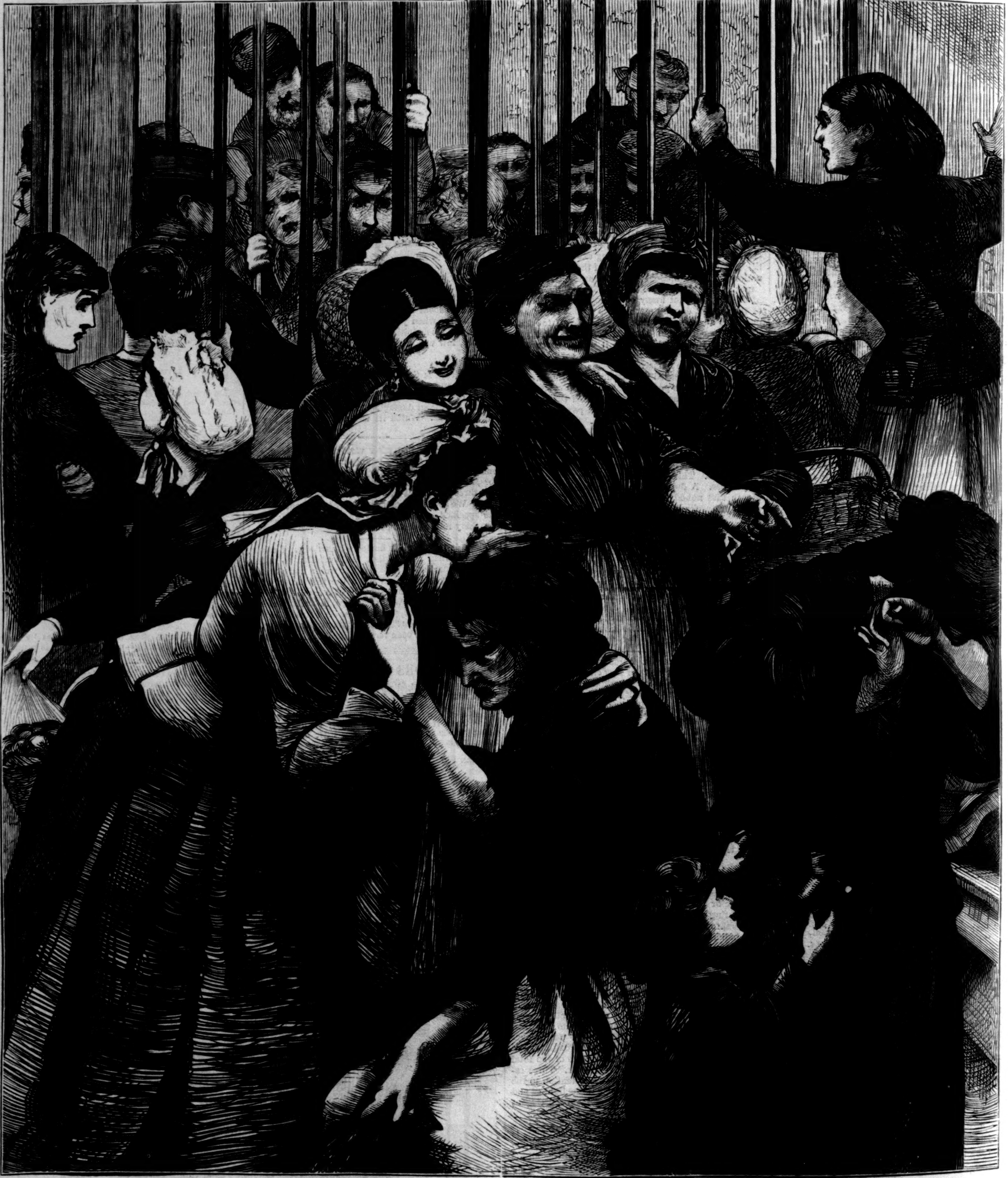
**Chef Hall.** "How on earth shall I cook all these things?"
**Boss.** "Oh, any way—*au Maitre d'Hôtel.*"—(*Query*, Metropolitan?)
**Peter B.** "With Brain Sauce?"
**Chef Hall.** "Wouldn't an Irish Stew be the best? Then they can't tell what they've got."

## COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

The sketch on this page, which represents the prison at Versailles where a large number of Communists are confined to await trial, may be best explained by quoting the letter of the artist by whom it was made. He says:

“Wishing to see the interior of the prison and the aspect of the prisoners, I resolved to try and see an old acquaintance who had been arrested for having accepted the grade of captain from the Commune. At the gate leading to the Orangerie I was asked the name of the person I wished to see, and, after a slight interrogatory, the ‘maréchal des logis’ allowed me to pass, accompanied by a Garde Municipal. A group of these soldiers standing round an orange-tree inspected my pockets in search of tobacco, fermented drinks, etc., and a small bottle of gargle being found, it was immediately confiscated, the gardien saying he was not sure about the label. My sketch represents the parlor where the women are allowed to receive visits from their friends. As a rule the female prisoners are by no means of a prepossessing appearance, and mostly belong to a very low class—a class which furnished the *tricoteuses* and *vengeuresses* to former revolutions, and the *pétroleuses* to the Communal insurrection of 1871. Still they have not entirely lost every share of human feeling, and greet their welcome visitors with all the impulsiveness of which a French and, what is more, a Parisian woman is capable. About 3000 of the male prisoners are confined in the right wing of the building. On either side mattresses lay upon the ground, some of them occupied by their proprietors, and others rolled up, forming a convenient seat. Groups of Paris *voyous*, assembled here and there, were laughing, smoking (although tobacco is prohibited), and pushing one another. Others were sitting, or walking about the room, some silent, and others earnestly talking.

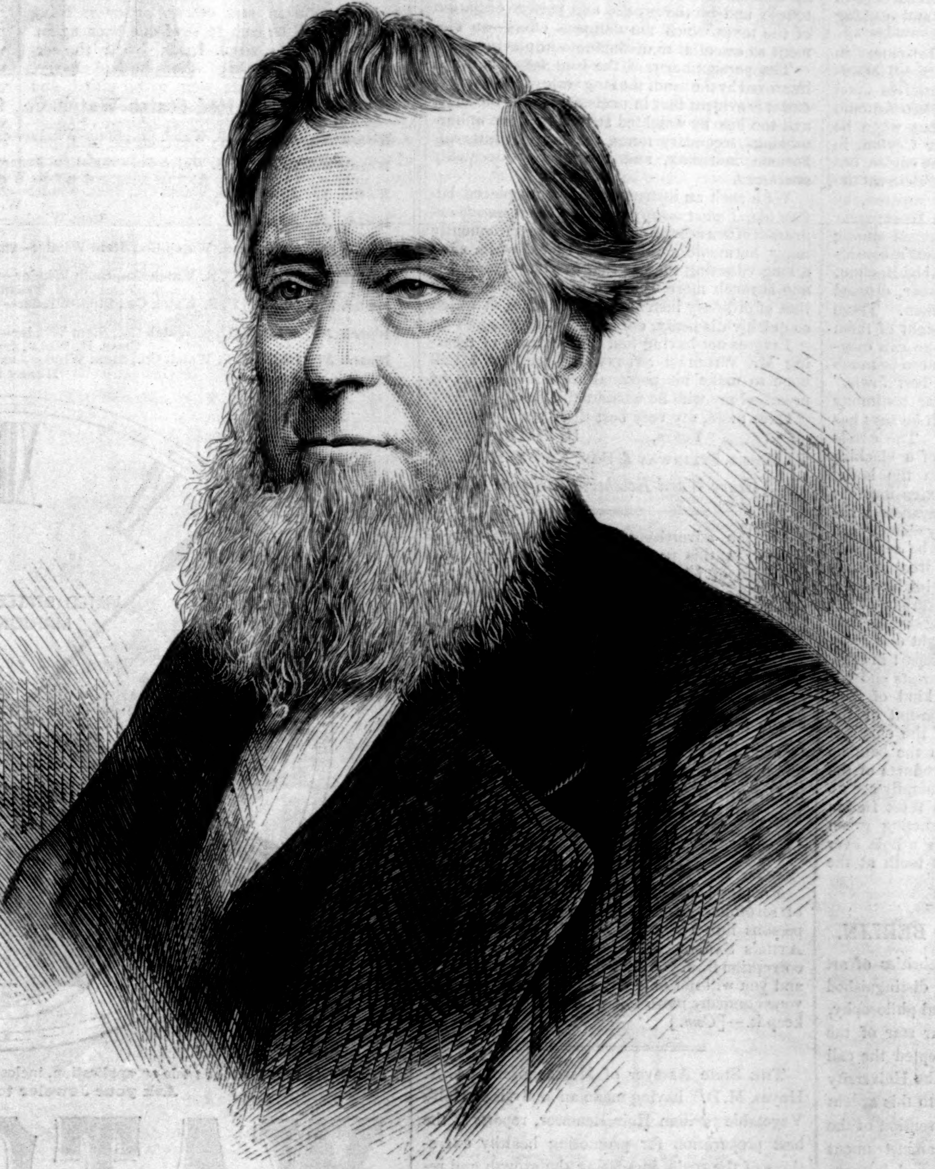
“On the left side of the principal building, under the shade of an awning, several more Municipals were guarding the entrance to the part where the prisoners are confined. A sergeant took down the name of the prisoner I asked for, whose Christian name I did not know, excepting that the initial was A. This, for a moment, seemed an obstacle, but the sergeant removed it by writing Auguste, Arthur, Alexandre, saying that by this arrangement the question was left open, and in case of two prisoners being called it would be easy to send one back again. While waiting the result I talked with the sergeant about the people of whom he had charge. He said some of them were to be pitied, and mentioned a widower, with seven children left to the care of an old grandmother, who was herself dependent upon her son; but yet, he said, one of the children came every day and brought some little delicacy or other. At this moment a fine young fellow, dressed in the height of fashion, with a vast display of shirt front, came up and gave in a name. He was soon called in, and on inquiry I found that he was a regular visitor, and came every day to see his father, who had been something in the Commune. Soon afterward the soldier came back and said my man was waiting in the parlor. This place consists of a portion of the first gallery, separated from the rest by a cord attached to stakes. On either side of an opening left between two of these stakes sat two functionaries—a Zouave and a Municipal—who give each person a little slip of paper bearing a number, without which it is impossible to come out again. The combination of Christian names adopted by the sergeant proved to be a perfect failure, for I found myself face to face with a low, dirty *voyou* in a blouse and overalls, who signified in rather free terms his disappointment at being called for nothing, and left me forthwith, grumbling as he went away. The young man with the shirt front was taking leave of his father. He remained respectfully uncovered, while the old man, with tears in his eyes, grasped his hand firmly in both of his, at the same time kissing him repeatedly on the cheek. Close to them another father was holding one of his children in his arms, while another was pulling his blouse, and saying, ‘Father, come out into the beautiful garden.’ On the right a middle-aged man, with a four-pound loaf under his arm, and holding a tin can of cooked meat, was endeavoring to console a young woman who seemed inconsolable. I found that the mistake made by the soldier was partly owing to my not having mentioned that my acquaintance had been a captain. The officers of the Commune are confined in a separate part of the building.”



VISIT TO COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT VERSAILLES—THE PÉTROLEUSES.

## THE REV. DR. JAMES.

THIS gentleman, who was chosen President of the English Wesleyan Conference at its recent meeting in Manchester, occupies a very high and influential position in the Methodist denomination. He is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was born in the year 1816. He was educated at a school especially established for the sons of Wesleyan ministers, and entered the ministry in the year 1836. He was appointed one of the Conference assistant-secretaries in the year 1857, and Conference secretary last year. His elevation to the presidential chair is a deserved acknowledgment of his abilities and of the value of his services to Methodism. Dr. JAMES is described as an able and lucid preacher, a correct and welcome speaker on the platform, a judicious and successful superintendent, and a kind and discriminating friend. He presides over the Conference with an easy grace, and, without any undue laxity, he holds the reins with freedom and impartiality. Dr. JAMES is a gentleman, and this renders it impossible for him to give any captious offense in the complex cases and personal affairs upon which he must sometimes lay his official hand.


THE REV. JOHN H. JAMES, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

## THE DUBLIN RIOT.

OUR readers will remember that the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Dublin was signalized by a sanguinary riot, of which we give a sketch on this page. A meeting had been called to take place in Phœnix Park on behalf of the Fenian prisoners, with a view to making an impression on the royal visitors; but the city authorities issued a prohibitory notice, which failing in effect, the meeting was dispersed by force. Many persons were severely injured, including some of the police, but no lives were lost. The sketch shows the steps of the Wellington Monument, which were to serve as a platform for the speakers, and down which the inspector of police was tumbled when he attempted to remonstrate with the leaders of the meeting.

## ST. THOMAS.

ON the 21st of August a terrible hurricane swept over St. Thomas and some of the adjacent islands, destroying a vast amount of property and many lives. The little island of St. Kitts, one of the Caribbean group, caught the full fury of the storm, and is said to have been nearly laid in ruins.

The gale broke from the east upon the town of St. Thomas about one o'clock in the morning, shortly afterward shifting to the northeast, from which point it blew more fiercely until noon, when the wind veered round slowly to the north, and fell upon the island in a terrible hurricane. It then shifted to the northwest, and blew with great violence until five P.M., when there came a lull which lasted until six P.M. At this hour the hurricane again swept over the island from the south, but its duration was not so long as on the previous visit, nor was its violence so great. Its period of greatest fury was two hours.

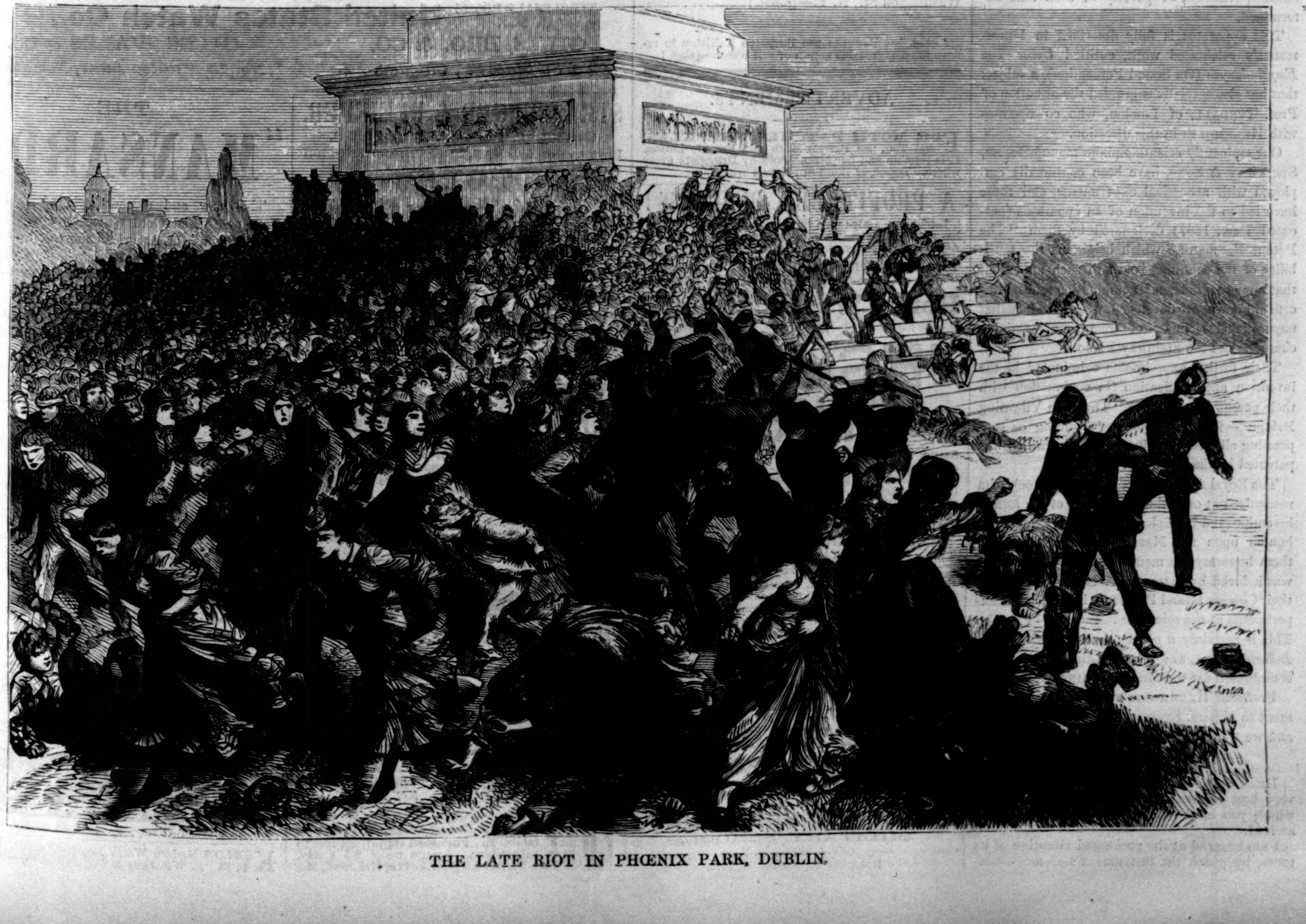
During the hurricane, in the afternoon, several shocks of earthquake rendered more dreadful the situation of the people. Hundreds of dwellings were swept away, and not a house was left standing undamaged on this distressed island. Some 6000 people were rendered houseless and destitute, and many persons were killed and mangled or disabled by houses blown down, or bricks and tiles flying thickly all around during the hurricane. The streets of the city presented a frightful spectacle of ruin. On our first page we give a view of the city as it appeared before the hurricane.

The number of lives lost during this terrible hurricane has not yet been definitely ascertained, but as nearly fifty dead bodies have been exhumed from the ruins in the streets of St. Thomas, the list of casualties throughout the islands must be very large.

This is the second time within a few years that St. Thomas has been subjected to a great calamity. In November, 1867, its splendid harbor was invaded by a destructive tidal wave, while a severe earthquake carried consternation to every part of the island. Its area is about 43 square miles, and it has a population of about 13,000. It belongs to Denmark. That power was willing to cede the island to the United States, but the Senate refused to ratify the treaty negotiated while Mr. SEWARD was Secretary of State. St. Kitts is about twenty miles long and five in width, and contains about 2000 white and 21,000 colored inhabitants. The island has a fertile soil, and is under excellent cultivation. It belongs to Great Britain.

## BAT-EATERS.

IT is said that more bats and more varieties of them are found in Siam than in any other country in the world. Their places of refuge are near the temples and convents of the Talapoins, where the trees are covered with such immense numbers of them that they appear mere black masses of bats. If any one should take the liberty of disturbing them with fire or stones, he would bring the Talapoins about his ears, for they hold it an unpardonable crime to disturb the repose of any animal taking shelter near sacred places; so that the Siamese gardeners, whose pet products attract


THE LATE RIOT IN PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

them when they are tired of eating mangoes and guavas, are compelled to confine their revenge to catching the delinquent in the act, and cooking him then and there.

The Siamese are not the only bat-eaters in the world. Purchas, in his "Pilgrimage," tells us the people of Mandura regale themselves upon bats as large as hens; and the Caballero Antonio Pigafetta would have us believe that when he was at the island of Gatigan, near Ceylon, in 1519, he dined upon bats as large as eagles, but quite as delicate as fowls. The Cingalese eat the roussette, and its flavor has been compared, by those who have tried it, to hare. In Madagascar and Mauritius, too, the bat is reckoned among edible animals. "It was not without a considerable degree of reluctance," says Abbé Rochou, "that I first ate the bat of Madagascar, dressed after the manner of a fricasseed chicken. These bats are so hideous that the very sight of them frightens our sailors; yet, when one can overcome that disgust, their flesh is found to be much more palatable than that of our best fowls." Another French priest bears similar testimony in favor of the Mauritius bat, which he says has nothing bad about it but its looks. The edible roussette, especially so called, is of a blackish color, about sixteen inches long in the body, with wings measuring five feet in extension. It is thought to be identical with the Javanese "kalong," a gregarious bat, exceedingly abundant in some parts of Java, where it may be seen suspended to the naked branches of the trees in companies several hundreds strong, looking like some strange fruit, but letting any disturber of its slumber know by sharp and piercing shrieks that it is all alive. As soon as the sunlight dies away the kalongs rouse themselves, and depart in files, with a slow, steady flight, to the forests and village plantations, attacking every kind of fruit they come across, from the cocoa-nut of the peasants to the rarer treasures of the chiefs, if they can manage to get through the bamboo net-work protecting the choice products of the gardens of the grandees. Bats generally are no mean judges of what is good: the West Indian bat shows his cleverness in extracting green pease out of their pods by making a hole over every pea, and gratifies his sweet tooth at the expense of the sugar-canes.

## ART GRAVITATING TO BERLIN.

Another of the European celebrities of art and science, Helmholtz, the distinguished physiologist and professor of natural philosophy, until recently the bright particular star of the University of Heidelberg, has accepted the call tendered him to a professorship at the University of Berlin. The world is indebted to this ardent and diligent investigator for the invention of the Ophthalmoscope (*Speculum oculi*), an instrument by which the interior of the eye, and its condition, whether healthy or diseased, can be observed; also for the invention of the Tone Analyzer, an acoustical apparatus, by the use of which every sound can be scientifically analyzed, in its constituent or component parts, and the fullness, richness, or poverty of each tone determined.

This apparatus is fully described in Helmholtz's celebrated work, entitled *Ueber Ton Empfindungen* (On Sound Perception), a subject that has also specially engrossed the attention of Prof. Tyndall, of London, who co-operates with Helmholtz in this direction.

Our eminently scientific piano manufacturers, Steinway & Sons, have been continually employed with acoustical experiments, and these have led to the invention of an apparatus (patented Dec., 1867) designated by them "The Patent Resonator," which heightens the sensibility of the sounding-board to such an extent that numerous harmonic combination tones, hitherto unknown, are developed, which produce that unparalleled richness of tone that invariably characterizes the Steinway Piano.

Their further experiments culminated in the invention and application (in conjunction with their patent resonator) of "The Free Vibrating Bridge"—for the purpose of avoiding or suppressing all false combination tones—which was patented by them in 1869.

The Royal Academies of Berlin and Stockholm recognized at once the importance of the former invention, and by diplomas conferred academical honors upon the Messrs. Steinway, creating them honorary life members, while Helmholtz was induced by these successes to order one of their Concert Grand Pianos for his acoustical experiments at the scientific institutions in Berlin. This is certainly *a great triumph for American Industrial Art*, and a rare distinction and high compliment for the Messrs. Steinway.

Professor Helmholtz's letter of acknowledgment to Messrs. Steinway & Sons is before us, and we translate it literally as follows:

Berlin, *June* 9, 1871.

Dear Sirs,—Herewith I beg you to accept my very best thanks for the superb Grand Piano which you have sent me, and which has safely arrived.

I am amazed at the prolonged vibration of its tones, by which the instrument becomes somewhat organlike; by the lightness and delicacy of the touch (considering its great volume of tone); and by the precise and perfect cessation of the tones which the dampers effect—an element so essential to distinctness in playing.

The perceptibility of the bass tones is much improved by the use of the long scale of the strings; and it is evident that in ordinary pianos the short and too heavily weighted strings produce unharmonious secondary tones, the musical intervals become indistinct, and the quality decidedly *smothered*.

With such an instrument as yours placed before me, *I must modify many of my formerly expressed views regarding pianos.* I hear frequently many harmonic combination tones, while such a long vibrating tone as that of your Grand Piano is much more sensitive to dissonances than that of ordinary instruments, the tones of which so quickly die away, etc., etc.

I regret not having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. William Steinway here, but I still hope to make his personal acquaintance, as he promised my wife he would call again.

Once more, my very best thanks.

Yours, H. Helmholtz.

To Messrs. Steinway & Son, New York, U. S.

[*Henry Ward Beecher—Christian Union.*]

By the advertisement of Messrs. Fisk & Hatch in this paper, it will be noticed that the price of Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds has been advanced to 93 and accrued interest.—[*Com.*]

We send single Waltham Watches by Express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our price-list, which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in *Harper's Weekly.*—Howard & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—*All prices reduced since Feb. 1st.*—[*Com.*]

Ye pimpled, blotched, and ulcerated victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.—[*Com.*]

The State Assayer of Massachusetts (A. A. Hayes, M.D.), having made an analysis of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, reports it the best preparation for promoting healthy excretions of the scalp, increasing the growth and restoring the color of the hair.—[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

After Sea Bathing use Burnett's Kalliston to relieve the disagreeable action of salt water.—[*Com.*]

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MEARES' PARAGON SHIRTS, made to order of best materials, and WARRANTED TO FIT.
Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:
6 Shirts, good muslin and linen fronts, $9.
6 Shirts, better muslin and good linen, $10 50.
6 Shirts, Masonville muslin and fine linen, $12.
6 Shirts, Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen, $13 50.
6 Shirts, New York Mills and best linen, $15.
Directions for measurement forwarded on application. RICHARD MEARES,
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**$10 from 50 cts.**

12 Samples sent (postage free) for Fifty Cents that retail readily for Ten Dollars.
R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

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MILITARY SCHOOL,
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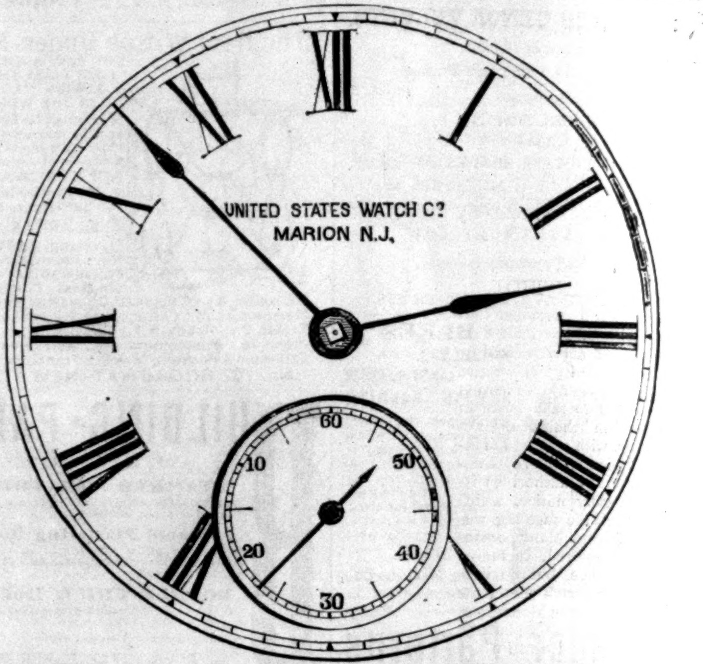
**United States Watch Co., (Marion, N. J.) Watches.**

***Watch No. 1835,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem-Winder—carried 2 years—variation hardly perceptible.
S. M. Moore, *firm of S. M. Moore & Co., Chicago.*
***Watch No. 2798,*** U. S. Watch Co.—variation, 6 seconds in six months.
John M. Woolhause, *Conductor C. & N. W. Railway, Chicago.*
***Watch No. 1320,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem-Winder—carried two years—proved a perfect timekeeper.
W. H. Hawkins, *Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.*
***Watch No. 21,767,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem-Winder—variation scarcely perceptible.
Sam'l Merrill, *Gov. of Iowa*
***Watch No. 1089,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem-Winder—variation, ***2 Seconds*** in ***14 Months.***
L. E. Chittenden, *late Reg. U. S. Treas.*
***Watch No. 21,039,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem Winder—variation, 7 seconds in four months.
S. M. Beard, *firm Beards & Cummings,* 128 *Front Street, N.Y.*
***Watch No. 10,548,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem-Winder—variation, 5 seconds per month.
Z. C. Priest, *Ass't Sup't N. Y. C. & H. R. R.*
***Watch No. 24,008,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem Winder—variation, 6 seconds in five months.
Chas. H. Wolf, *firm Chas. H. Wolf & Co., Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*
***Watch No. 1037,*** U. S. Watch Co., Stem Winder—variation, only 5 seconds per month.
Henry Smith, *Treas. Panama R. R. Co.,* 88 *Wall St., N.Y.*



Price Lists furnished the trade on application, inclosing business card. For sale by the trade generally.
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*BEWARE of worthless imitations with which the country is flooded. To avoid imposition, see that the words MARION, N. J., are engraved on the plate over the Main-Spring Barrel. All others are spurious.*

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Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving to supply the general demand.

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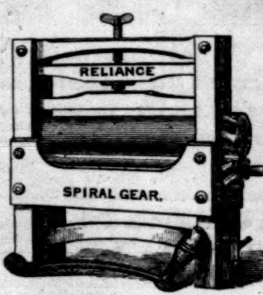

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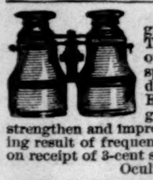

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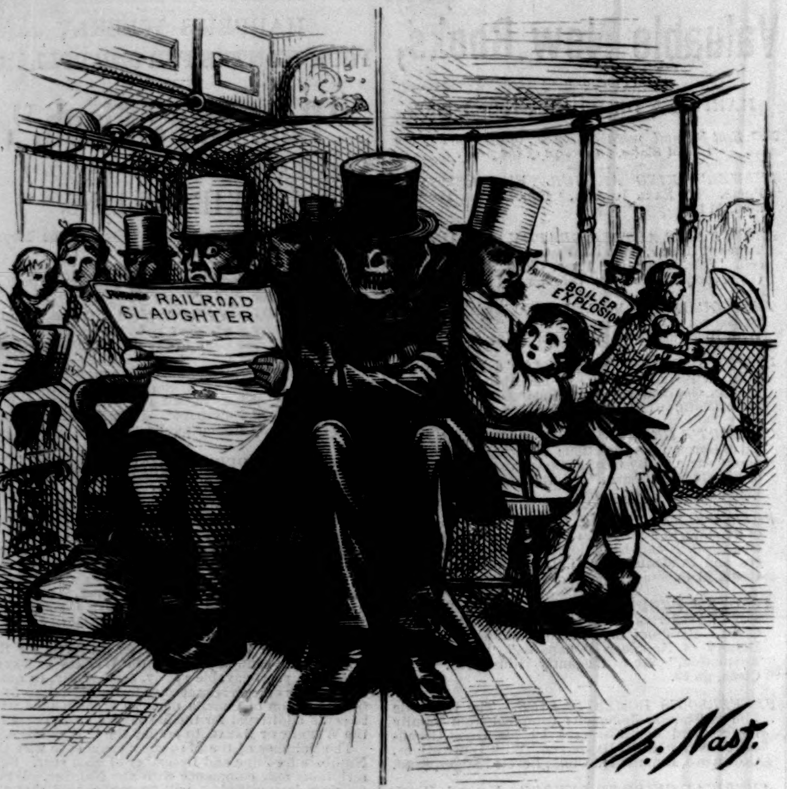

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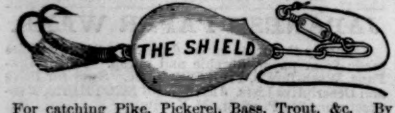

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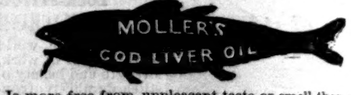

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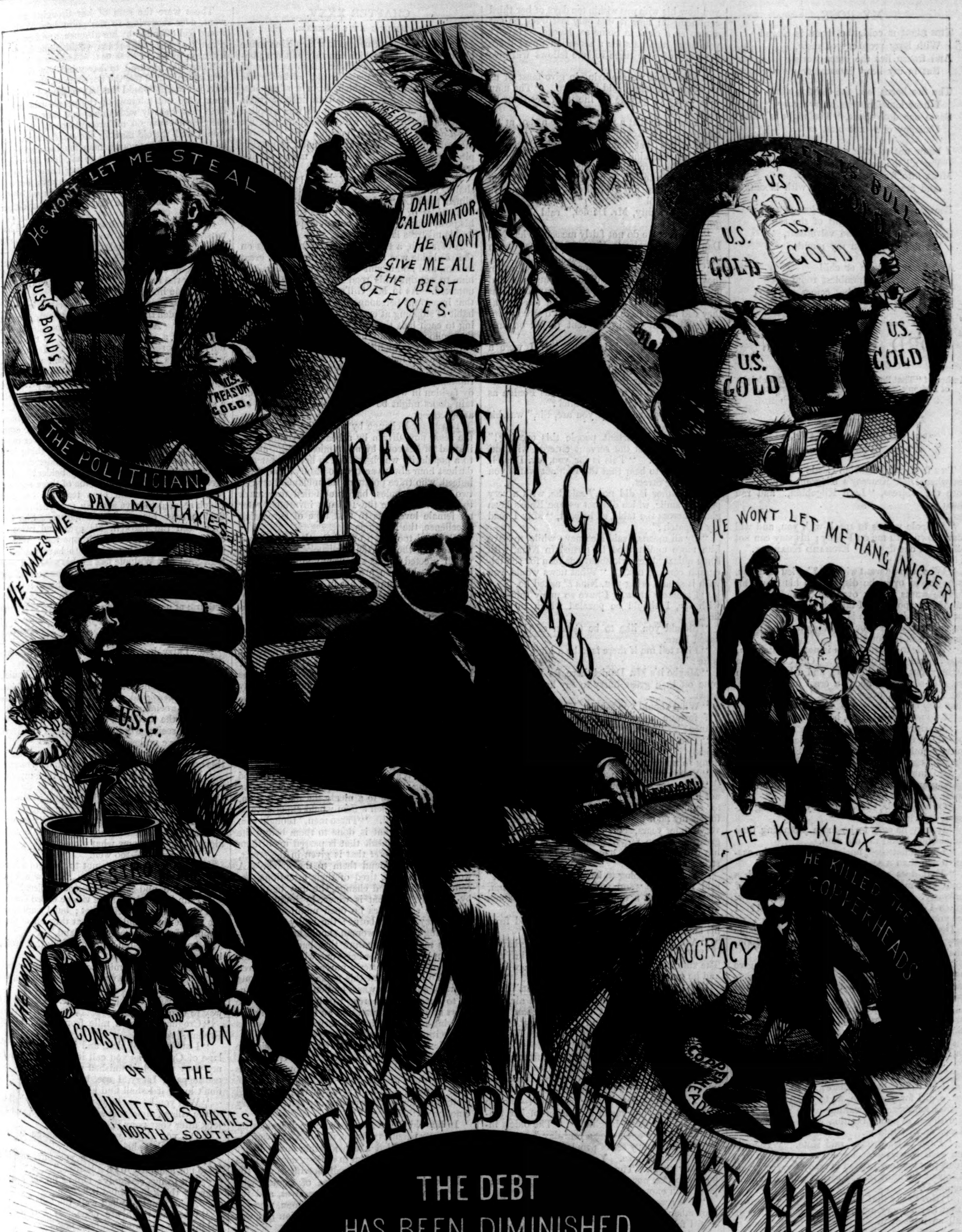
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HOWARD

## MY ROSE.

THE night is cold, the moon is ringed
  With hazy prophecy of snow,
And frozen lies the outer world;
  But in my heart is summer glow.

The fire burns low, the light is dim;
  I hear late footsteps hurrying by.
Some one doth shout, "The night is cold!"
  Unhappy one—not blest as I.

I know not solitude or chill;
  For all the cold and shadowy room
Melts into fragrant forest aisles,
  And meadows honey-sweet with bloom.

Because—because I feel a Rose,
  Steeped in the sunlight of the south,
Red-petaled, sweet, and velvet-soft,
  Yet lingering upon my mouth.

And never solitude or chill
  Can enter into humblest room
Where such a Rose but comes to touch
  And thrill a lifetime with its bloom

# LORD KILGOBBIN

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### AT TEA-TIME.

THE family at Kilgobbin Castle were seated at tea when Dick Kearney's telegram arrived. It bore the address, "Lord Kilgobbin," and ran thus:

"Walpole wishes to speak with you, and will come down with me on Friday; his stay can not be beyond one day. RICHARD KEARNEY."

"What can he want with me?" cried Kearney, as he tossed over the dispatch to his daughter. "If he wants to talk over the election, I could tell him per post that I think it a folly and an absurdity. Indeed, if he is not coming to propose for either my niece or my daughter, he might spare himself the journey."

"Who is to say that such is not his intention, papa?" said Kate, merrily. "Old Catty had a dream about a piebald horse, and a haystack on fire, and something about a creel of duck-eggs, and I trust that every educated person knows what *they* mean."

"I do not," cried Nina, boldly.

"Marriage, my dear. One is marriage by special license, with a bishop or a dean to tie the knot; another is a runaway match. I forget what the eggs signify."

"An unbroken engagement," interposed Donogan, gravely, "so long as none of them are smashed."

"On the whole, then, it is very promising tidings," said Kate.

"It may be easy to be more promising than the election," said the old man.

"I'm not flattered, uncle, to hear that I'm easier to win than a seat in Parliament."

"That does not imply you are not worth a great deal more," said Kearney, with an air of gallantry. "I know, if I was a young fellow, which I'd strive most for. Eh, Mr. Daniel? I see you agree with me."

Donogan's face, slightly flushed before, became now crimson, as he sipped his tea in confusion, unable to utter a word.

"And so," resumed Kearney, "he'll only give us a day to make up our minds! It's lucky, girls, that you have the telegram there to tell you what's coming."

"It would have been more piquant, papa, if he had made his message say, 'I propose for Nina. Reply by wire.'"

"Or, 'May I marry your daughter?'" chimed in Nina, quickly.

"There it is, now," broke in Kearney, laughing, "you're fighting for him already! Take my word for it, Mr. Daniel, there's no so sure way to get a girl for your wife, as to make her believe there's another only waiting to be asked. It's the threat of the opposition coach on the road keeps down the fares."

"Papa is all wrong," said Kate. "There is no such conceivable pleasure as saying No to a man that another woman is ready to accept. It is about the most refined sort of self-flattery imaginable."

"Not to say that men are utterly ignorant of that freemasonry among women which gives us all an interest in the man who marries one of us," said Nina. "It is only your confirmed old bachelor that we all agree in detesting."

"Faith, I give you up altogether. You're a puzzle clean beyond me," said Kearney, with a sigh.

"I think it is Balzac tells us," said Donogan, "that women and politics are the only two exciting pursuits in life, for you never can tell where either of them will lead you."

"And who is Balzac?" asked Kearney.

"Oh, uncle, don't let me hear you ask who is the greatest novelist that ever lived!"

"Faith, my dear, except 'Tristram Shandy,' and 'Tom Jones,' and maybe 'Robinson Crusoe'—if that be a novel—my experience goes a short way. When I am not reading what's useful—as in the *Farmer's Chronicle* or 'Purcell's Rotation of Crops'—I like the 'accidents' in the newspapers, where they give you the name of the gentleman that was smashed in the train, and tell you how his wife was within ten days of her third confinement; how it was only last week he got a step as a clerk in Somerset House. Haven't you more materials for a sensation novel there than any of your three-volume fellows will give you?"

"The times we are living in give most of us excitement enough," said Donogan. "The man who wants to gamble for life itself need not be balked now."

"You mean that a man can take a shot at an emperor?" said Kearney, inquiringly.

"No, not that exactly: though there are stakes of that kind some men would not shrink from. What are called 'arms of precision' have had a great influence on modern politics. When there's no time for a plebiscite, there's always time for a pistol."

"Bad morality, Mr. Daniel," said Kearney, gravely.

"I suspect we do not fairly measure what Mr. Daniel says," broke in Kate. "He may mean to indicate a revolution, and not justify it."

"I mean both," said Donogan. "I mean that the mere permission to live under a bad government is too high a price to pay for life at all. I'd rather go 'down into the streets,' as they call it, and have it out, than I'd drudge on, dogged by policemen, and sent to jail on suspicion."

"He is right," cried Nina. "If I were a man, I'd think as he does."

"Then I'm very glad you're not," said Kearney; "though, for the matter of rebellion, I believe you would be a more dangerous Fenian as you are. Am I right, Mr. Daniel?"

"I am disposed to say you are, Sir," was his mild reply.

"Ain't we important people this evening!" cried Kearney, as the servant entered with another telegram. "This is for you, Mr. Daniel. I hope we're to hear that the Cabinet wants you in Downing Street."

"I'd rather it did not," said he, with a very peculiar smile, which did not escape Kate's keen glance across the table, as he said, "May I read my dispatch?"

"By all means," said Kearney; while, to leave him more undisturbed, he turned to Nina, with some quizzical remark about her turn for the telegraph coming next. "What news would you wish it should bring you, Nina?" asked he.

"I scarcely know. I have so many things to wish for, I should be puzzled which to place first."

"Should you like to be Queen of Greece?" asked Kate.

"First tell me if there is to be a king, and who is he?"

"Maybe it's Mr. Daniel there, for I see he has gone off in a great hurry to say he accepts the crown."

"What should you ask for, Kate," cried Nina, "if fortune were civil enough to give you a chance?"

"Two days' rain for my turnips," said Kate, quickly. "I don't remember wishing for any thing so much in all my life."

"Your turnips!" cried Nina, contemptuously.

"Why not? If you were a queen, would you not have to think of those who depended on you for support and protection? And how should I forget my poor heifers and my calves—calves of very tender years, some of them—and all with as great desire to fatten themselves as any of us have to do what will as probably lead to our destruction?"

"You're not going to have the rain, anyhow," said Kearney; "and you'll not be sorry, Nina, for you wanted a fine day to finish your sketch of Croghan Castle."

"Oh! by-the-way, has old Bob recovered from his lameness yet, to be fit to be driven?"

"Ask Kitty there; she can tell you perhaps."

"Well, I don't think I'd harness him yet. The smith has pinched him in the off fore-foot, and he goes tender still."

"So do I when I go afoot, for I hate it," cried Nina; "and I want a day in the open air, and I want to finish my old Castle of Croghan, and, last of all," whispered she in Kate's ear, "I want to show my distinguished friend Mr. Walpole that the prospect of a visit from him does not induce me to keep the house. So that, from all the wants put together, I shall take an early breakfast, and start to-morrow for Cruhan—is not that the name of the little village in the bog?"

"That's Miss Betty's own town-land—though I don't know she's much the richer of her tenants," said Kearney, laughing. "The oldest inhabitants never remember a rent-day."

"What a happy set of people!"

"Just the reverse. You never saw misery till you saw them. There is not a cabin fit for a human being, nor is there one creature in the place with enough rags to cover him."

"They were very civil as I drove through. I remember how a little basket had fallen out, and a girl followed me ten miles of the road to restore it," said Nina.

"That they would; and if it were a purse of gold they'd have done the same," cried Kate.

"Won't you say that they'd shoot you for half a crown, though?" said Kearney, "and that the worst 'Whiteboys' of Ireland come out of the same village?"

"I do like a people so unlike all the rest of the world," cried Nina; "whose motives none can guess at, none forecast. I'll go there to-morrow."

These words were said as Daniel had just reentered the room, and he stopped and asked, "Where to?"

"To a Whiteboy village called Cruhan, some ten miles off, close to an old castle I have been sketching."

"Do you mean to go there to-morrow?" asked he, half carelessly; but, not waiting for her answer, and as if fully preoccupied, he turned and left the room.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A DRIVE AT SUNRISE.

THE little basket-carriage in which Nina made her excursions, and which courtesy called a phaeton, would scarcely have been taken as a model at Long Acre. A massive old wicker-cradle constituted the body, which, from a slight inequality in the wheels, had got an uncomfortable "lurch to port," while the rumble was supplied by a narrow shelf, on which her foot-page sat *dos-à-dos* to herself—a position not rendered more dignified by his invariable habit of playing pitch-and-toss with himself, as a means of distraction in travel.

Except Bob, the sturdy little pony in the shafts, nothing could be less schooled or disciplined than Larry himself. At sight of a party at marbles or hop-scotch, he was sure to desert his post, trusting to short-cuts and speed to catch up his mistress later on.

As for Bob, a tuft of clover or fresh grass on the road-side was temptation to the full as great to him, and no amount of whipping could induce him to continue his road leaving these dainties untasted. As in Mr. Gill's time he had carried that important personage, he had contracted the habit of stopping at every cabin by the way, giving to each halt the amount of time he believed the colloquy should have occupied, and then, without any admonition, resuming his journey. In fact, as an index to the refractory tenants on the estate, his mode of progression, with its interruptions, might have been employed, and the sturdy fashion in which he would "draw up" at certain doors might be taken as the forerunner of an ejectment.

The blessed change by which the county saw the beast now driven by a beautiful young lady, instead of bestrode by an inimical bailiff, added to a popularity which Ireland in her poorest and darkest hour always accords to beauty; and they, indeed, who trace points of resemblance between two distant peoples, have not failed to remark that the Irish, like the Italians, invariably refer all female loveliness to that type of surpassing excellence, the Madonna.

Nina had too much of the South in her blood not to like the heartfelt, outspoken admiration which greeted her as she went; and the "God bless you—but you are a lovely crayture!" delighted, while it amused her in the way the qualification was expressed.

It was soon after sunrise on this Friday morning that she drove down the approach, and made her way across the bog toward Cruhan. Though pretending to her uncle to be only eager to finish her sketch of Croghan Castle, her journey was really prompted by very different considerations. By Dick's telegram she learned that Walpole was to arrive that day at Kilgobbin, and as his stay could not be prolonged beyond the evening, she secretly determined she would absent herself so much as she could from home—only returning to a late dinner—and thus show her distinguished friend how cheaply she held the occasion of his visit, and what value she attached to the pleasure of seeing him at the Castle.

She knew Walpole thoroughly—she understood the working of such a nature to perfection, and she could calculate to a nicety the mortification, and even anger, such a man would experience at being thus slighted. "These men," thought she, "only feel for what is done to them before the world; it is the insult that is passed upon them in public, the *soufflet* that is given in the street, that alone can wound them to the quick." A woman may grow tired of their attentions, become capricious and change, she may be piqued by jealousy, or, what is worse, by indifference; but while she makes no open manifestation of these, they can be borne: the really insupportable thing is, that a woman should be able to exhibit a man as a creature that had no possible concern or interest for her—one who might come or go, or stay on, utterly unregarded or uncared for. To have played this game during the long hours of a long day was a burden she did not fancy to encounter, whereas to fill the part for the short space of a dinner, and an hour or so in the drawing-room, she looked forward to rather as an exciting amusement.

"He has had a day to throw away," said she to herself, "and he will give it to the Greek girl. I almost hear him as he says it. How one learns to know these men in every nook and crevice of their natures! and how by never relaxing a hold on the one clew of their vanity, one can trace every emotion of their lives!"

In her old life of Rome, these small jealousies, these petty passions of spite, defiance, and wounded sensibility, filled a considerable space of her existence. Her position in society, dependent as she was, exposed her to small mortifications; the cold semi-contemptuous notice of women who saw she was prettier than themselves, and the half-swaggering carelessness of the men, who felt that a bit of flirtation with the Titian girl was as irresponsible a thing as might be.

"But here," thought she, "I am the niece of a man of recognized station; I am treated in his family with a more than ordinary deference and respect—his very daughter would cede the place of honor to me, and my will is never questioned. It is time to teach this pretentious fine gentleman that our positions are not what they once were. If I were a man, I should never cease till I had fastened a quarrel on him; and being a woman, I could give my love to the man who would avenge me. Avenge me of what? a mere slight, a mood of impertinent forgetfulness—nothing more—as if any thing could be more to a woman's heart! A downright wrong can be forgiven, an absolute injury pardoned—one is raised to self-esteem by such an act of forgiveness; but there is no elevation in submitting patiently to a slight. It is simply the confession that the liberty taken with you was justifiable, was even natural."

These were the sum of her thoughts as she went, ever recurring to the point how Walpole would feel offended by her absence, and how such a mark of her indifference would pique his vanity, even to insult.

Then she pictured to her mind how this fine gentleman would feel the boredom of that dreary day. True, it would be but a day; but these men were not tolerant of the people who made time pass heavily with them, and they revenged their own *ennui* on all around them. How he would snub the old man for the son's pretensions, and sneer at the young man for his disproportioned ambition! and, last of all, how he would mystify poor Kate, till she never knew whether he cared to fatten calves and turkeys, or was simply drawing her on to little details, which he was to dramatize one day in an after-dinner story!

She thought of the closed piano-forte, and her music on the top—the songs he loved best; she had actually left Mendelssohn there to be seen—a very bait to awaken his passion. She thought she actually saw the fretful impatience with which he threw the music aside and walked to the window to hide his anger.

"'This excursion of Mademoiselle Nina was, then, a sudden thought, you tell me; only planned last night? And is the country considered safe enough for a young lady to go off in this fashion? Is it secure—is it decent?' I know he will ask, 'Is it decent?' Kate will not feel—she will not see the impertinence with which he will assure her that she herself may be privileged to do these things—that her 'Irishry' was itself a safeguard; but Dick will notice the sneer. Oh, if he would but resent it! How little hope there is of that! These young Irishmen get so overlaid by the English in early life, they never resist their dominance; they accept every thing in a sort of natural submission. I wonder does the rebel sentiment make them any bolder?" And then she bethought her of some of those national songs Mr. Daniel had been teaching her, and which seemed to have such an overwhelming influence over his passionate nature. She had even seen the tears in his eyes, and twice he could not speak to her with emotion. What a triumph it would have been to have made the high-bred Mr. Walpole feel in this wise! Possibly at the moment the vulgar Fenian seemed the finer fellow. Scarcely had the thought struck her, than there, about fifty yards in advance, and walking at a tremendous pace, was the very man himself.

"Is not that Mr. Daniel, Larry?" asked she, quickly.

But Larry had already struck off on a short-cut across the bog, and was miles away.

Yes, it could be none other than Mr. Daniel. The coat thrown back, the loose-stepping stride, and the occasional flourish of the stick as he went, all proclaimed the man. The noise of the wheels on the hard road made him turn his head; and now, seeing who it was, he stood uncovered till she drove up beside him.

"Who would have thought to see you here at this hour!" said he, saluting her with deep respect.

"No one is more surprised at it than myself," said she, laughing; "but I have a partly done sketch of an old castle, and I thought in this fine autumn weather I should like to throw in the color. And besides, there are now and then with me unsocial moments when I fancy I like to be alone. Do you know what these are?"

"Do I know?—too well."

"These motives, then, not to think of others, led me to plan this excursion; and now will you be as candid, and say what is *your* project?"

"I am bound for a little village called Cruhan—a very poor, unenticing spot; but I want to see the people there, and hear what they say of these rumors of new laws about the land."

"And can *they* tell you any thing that would be likely to interest *you*?"

"Yes; their very mistakes would convey their hopes; and hopes have come to mean a great deal in Ireland."

"Our roads are, then, the same. I am on my way to Croghan Castle."

"Croghan is but a mile from my village of Cruhan," said he.

"I am aware of that, and it was in your village of Cruhan, as you call it, I meant to stable my pony till I had finished my sketch; but my gentle page, Larry, I see, has deserted me. I don't know if I shall find him again."

"Will you let me be your groom? I shall be at the village almost as soon as yourself, and I'll look after your pony."

"Do you think you could manage to seat yourself on that shelf at the back?"

"It is a great temptation you offer me, if I were not ashamed to be a burden."

"Not to me, certainly; and as for the pony, I scarcely think he'll mind it."

"At all events, I shall walk the hills."

"I believe there are none. If I remember aright, it is all through a level bog."

"You were at tea last night when a certain telegram came?"

"To be sure I was. I was there, too, when one came for you, and saw you leave the room immediately after."

"In evident confusion?" added he, smiling.

"Yes, I should say, in evident confusion. At least, you looked like one who had got some very unexpected tidings."

"So it was. There is the message." And he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, with the words, "Walpole is coming for a day. Take care to be out of the way till he is gone."

"Which means, that he is no friend of yours."

"He is neither friend nor enemy. I never saw him; but he is the private secretary, and, I believe, the nephew, of the Viceroy, and would find it very strange company to be domiciled with a rebel."

"And you are a rebel?"

"At your service, Mademoiselle Kostalergi."

"And a Fenian, and head-centre?"

"A Fenian, and a head-centre."

"And probably ought to be in prison?"

"I have been already, and, as far as the sentence of English law goes, should be still there."

"How delighted I am to know that. I mean, what a thrilling sensation it is to be driving along with a man so dangerous that the whole country would be up and in pursuit of him at a mere word."

"That is true. I believe I should be worth some hundred pounds to any one who would capture me. I suspect it is the only way I could turn to valuable account."

"What if I were to drive you into Moate and give you up?"

"You might. I'll not run away."

"I should go straight to the Podestà, or whatever he is, and say, 'Here is the notorious Daniel Donogan, the rebel you are all afraid of.'"

"How came you by my name?" asked he, curtly.

"By accident. I overheard Dick telling it to his sister. It dropped from him unawares, and I was on the terrace and caught the words."

"I am in your hands completely," said he, in the same calm voice; "but I repeat my words—I'll not run away."

"That is because you trust to my honor."

"It is exactly so—because I trust to your honor."

"But how if I were to have strong convictions in opposition to all you were doing—how if I were to believe that all you intended was a gross wrong and a fearful cruelty?"

"Still you would not betray me. You would say, 'This man is an enthusiast—he imagines scores of impossible things—but, at least, he is not a self-seeker—a fool, possibly, but not a knave. It would be hard to hang him.'"

"So it would. I have just thought *that*."

"And then you might reason thus: 'How will it serve the other cause to send one poor wretch to the scaffold, where there are so many just as deserving of it?'"

"And are there many?"

"I should say close on two millions at home here, and some hundred thousand in America."

"And if you be as strong as you say, what craven creatures you must be not to assert your own convictions!"

"So we are—I'll not deny it—craven creatures; but remember this, mademoiselle, we are not all like-minded. Some of us would be satisfied with small concessions, some ask for more, some demand all; and as the government higgles with some, and hangs the others, it mystifies us all, and ends by confounding us."

"That is to say, you are terrified."

"Well, if you like that word better, I'll not quarrel about it."

"I wonder how men as irresolute ever turn to rebellion. When our people set out for Crete, they went in another spirit to meet the enemy."

"Don't be too sure of that. The boldest fellows in that exploit were the liberated felons: they fought with desperation, for they had left the hangman behind."

"How dare you defame a great people!" cried she, angrily.

"I was with them, mademoiselle. I saw them, and fought among them; and to prove it, I will speak modern Greek with you if you like it."

"Oh, do," said she. "Let me hear those noble sounds again, though I shall be sadly at a loss to answer you. I have been years and years away from Athens."

"I know that. I know your story from one who loved to talk of you, all unworthy as he was of such a theme."

"And who was this?"

"Atlee—Joe Atlee, whom you saw here some months ago."

"I remember him," said she, thoughtfully.

"He was here, if I mistake not, with that other friend of yours you have so strangely escaped from to-day."

"Mr. Walpole?"

"Yes, Mr. Walpole; to meet whom would not have involved *you*, at least, in any contrariety."

"Is this a question, Sir? Am I to suppose your curiosity asks an answer here?"

"I am not so bold; but I own my suspicions have mastered my discretion, and, seeing you here this morning, I did think you did not care to meet him."

"Well, Sir, you were right. I am not sure that *my* reasons for avoiding him were exactly as strong as *yours*, but they sufficed for *me*."

There was something so like reproof in the way these words were uttered that Donogan had not courage to speak for some time after. At last he said, "In one thing your Greeks have an immense advantage over us here. In your popular songs you could employ your own language, and deal with your own wrongs in the accents that became them. *We* had to take the tongue of the conqueror, which was as little suited to our traditions as to our feelings, and travestied both. Only fancy the Greek vaunting his triumphs or bewailing his defeats in Turkish!"

"What do you know of Mr. Walpole?" asked she, abruptly.

"Very little beyond the fact that he is an agent of the government, who believes that he understands the Irish people."

"Which you are disposed to doubt?"

"I only know that I'm an Irishman, and I do not understand them. An organ, however, is not less an organ that it has many 'stops.'"

"I am not sure Cecil Walpole does not read you aright. He thinks that you have a love of intrigue and plot, but without the conspirator element that Southern people possess; and that your native courage grows impatient at the delays of mere knavery, and always betrays you."

"That distinction was never *his*—that was your own."

"So it was; but he adopted it when he heard it."

"That is the way the rising politician is educated," cried Donogan. "It is out of these petty thefts he makes all his capital, and the poor people never suspect how small a creature can be their millionaire."

"Is not that our village yonder, where I see the smoke?"

"Yes; and there on the stile sits your little groom awaiting you. I shall get down here."

"Stay where you are, Sir. It is by your blunder, not by your presence, that you might compromise me." And this time her voice caught a tone of sharp severity that suppressed reply.

## COMPLAISANCE.

**THERE** is an old-fashioned virtue which often strikes us as very little in favor with the good people of our time, probably because they do not recognize it as a virtue at all; and, indeed, it does its work with such a bright face and easy air that among the strenuous, austere brotherhood of duties and merits it may well pass for something else—as a mean and worldly conformity, perhaps. We have named it complaisance. In fact, we doubt if any body gives it its proper rank until he misses and feels the want of it. Even the old writers, who had much more pronounced ideas on the duty of being pleasant than people have nowadays, hesitate to place it among the moral virtues. True, it renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, an inferior acceptable. It sweetens conversation; it produces good-nature and mutual benevolence; "it encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages;" and yet, because it never makes itself disagreeable or unwelcome, there is a doubt whether to call it a virtue simple or only a social virtue—that is, a charm, a grace, a fine manner, a performance for the actor's sake. Yet genuine complaisance, as the effusion of a benevolent nature, rendering the sacrifice of personal inclination and ease a slight, unthought-of thing when set against the general satisfaction, is surely worthy of some considerable estimation even on the score of self-denial. It is to be tested and distinguished from its counterpart, or counterfeit, politeness, by its universality and disinterestedness. It was said of Sydney Smith—an example of this virtue—that people could never be too obscure for him to put them in good-humor with themselves. True complaisance never sleeps where there is any body to please or to make more comfortable. Politeness, society's method of making things run smooth, is concerned with ranks and degrees; complaisance is a more intimate quality—an impulse to seek points of agreement with others; it is the spirit of welcome, whether to strangers or to new suggestions, untried pleasures, fresh impressions. It is a belief in the reciprocal services which men, as members of society, can confer on each other—a willingness to confer and to receive: it is toleration, accessibility, and expectation. In fact, it is charity in its social aspect, as concerned with the minor satisfactions and perplexities of life.

Conscience is rarely a sleepless influence. When we see a notoriously good man, a saint or a philanthropist, bearish or sullen in company, and his neighbor, far below him in this sort of reputation, smoothing over his asperities, and making things pleasant in spite of him, it does not do to set down the difference to stricter principle or to temperament. It is simply that conscience and duty are at work in the amiable man, and slumbering in the bear. One is pleasing himself, the other is exerting himself for the well-being and content of others. People intent on the lasting happiness of mankind are often culpably inconsistent in their indifference to the happiness of the hour, where this depends on some sacrifice of their own tastes. If happiness is a good, it ought to be an object to bestow it for short periods as well as long ones. If it is our duty to make enormous efforts for the good of mankind in the aggregate, it should be our aim to dispense happiness in drops and dribblets to the ones and twos and threes with whom we come more immediately in contact. And these are the achievements of complaisance. There are those who can feel for transient uneasinesses, affecting an hour merely, not a lifetime or an eternity; who are sensitive toward others' disappointments in little things; who are solicitous that expectation shall be fulfilled; that where enjoyment is promised there shall be no failure; who are pitiful toward lesser annoyances, and lavish of expedients to meet them. Although, however, complaisance is always putting a good face on its endeavors, yet this modest virtue demands its sacrifices. Unquestionably the complaisant man loses in reputation for fastidious taste and refinement. He has no choice but to give up the credit for exquisite perception rather than put another in an awkward predicament or under a sense of inferiority. The critical spirit is in strong antagonism to complaisance. If you would welcome what is new and untried, you must lull the questioning faculty, and take things for a while on trust. Thus the complaisant temper is apt to make the best of new people, their pursuits, accomplishments, manners, and so on. A cynical observer derides such prompt acceptance as the working of an undiscriminating fancy:

> Though she's no lady, you may think her such:
> A strong imagination may do much.

But so long as this disposition affects only the judgment we pronounce on others, and leaves people simply lenient, we can not regard it as a blemish. The best-mannered people are not ultra-fastidious, and because they are not, they are diffusers of grace and refinement. Men take for their models those who sympathize with them. Nobody does any good to his neighbor's heart, or tastes, or behavior who is careless of pleasing him, and shows that he does not think him worth talking to.

No doubt complaisance is a much easier virtue to some people than to others. A strong will and strong opinions have a very imperious influence over the manner. They inspire a strong antagonism toward strangers. People with decided views are apt to assume a monopoly of them, and to set down others as the slaves of convenience or circumstance—a mood much opposed to that sacrifice to the graces which is the superficial rendering of the quality of which we are speaking. They see a sort of hypocrisy in being civil, and in yelding to persons who, more likely than not, have the loosest notions on matters which you feel to be all-important. Let them first set themselves right in these fundamentals, and you will then be ready to take them to your heart of hearts. In the mean while they live on the north side of your regard. A little silence or constraint, or a few downright contradictions on trifling matters, are only so many demonstrations of sincerity or homage to your own impregnable principles. Nor is it only on questions of principle that non-complaisance hugs itself in sulky exclusion; mere tastes can be to the full as unsociable, in as direct contrast to the old rule that a man should always go with a predisposition to take the turn of the company he is going into—with a mind open to receive what is pleasing to others—and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own. Strong wills of the order we mean are the most capable of any sacrifice and effort in what they hold to be the work of life, but relaxation is another matter. Their notion of pleasure is still self-assertion of some kind; the impulse which complaisance feels where the comfort of others is at stake is not recognized by them; if they are to be interested or amused, it must be by conformity to their standard. Mr. Dixon has a theory that good manners, by which he means especially complaisance, are incompatible with the strength of character that carries every thing its own way. Manners, he says, decline in regular order from East to West. The further East you go, the greater suavity characterizes the people; the further West, the more regardless you find men of the feelings of others. In Europe, he says, he found the best manners in Constantinople, the worst in London; in the whole world, the best at Cairo, the worst at Denver and Salt Lake. If ever he penetrates to San Francisco, he looks for something without a parallel in his experience. But then he finds ill-mannered communities prosperous. They may be said to have made a very good market of their manners, having got in return for them houses, votes, schools, wages; they have risen in society; they have ceased to be servants. If we must take all this for truth, it only proves what we have said, that complaisance involves many sacrifices.

Yet, however much a brusque incivility may be conducive to national advancement, a marked want of complaisance does not help the individual on in society. A man is not popular who so conspicuously prefers his own subjects, his own voice, his own wit, as habitually to break into the thread of other people's discourse; who will not allow another to express a liking opposed to his own without showing contempt for his opinion; who in art and literature has fixed ideas by which he measures and throws over every other man's preferences; who interrupts every body when he is in the mood to speak, and shuts himself up in gloomy taciturnity when the exigencies of the hour make talk a social necessity, and when somebody (with the effort which only those accustomed to make it know) has to keep the ball going in face of cold silence or some more flagrant indication of indifference. Nor is he the more acceptable if the impetus of his own thoughts, regardless at all times of the *convenances*, betrays him, as it does non-complaisant persons, into scrapes, acts of unintended, unthought-of rudeness, when he perhaps broaches some sore subject, and works it to its excruciating end in defiance of all efforts of the embarrassed company. Complaisant people never blunder in this fashion; the instinct to please keeps them mindful of the position of those about them, and possesses them with caution among strangers. It must be owned that the credit of complaisance has suffered through some of its most noted examples. Some men have thrust upon it the work of all the virtues. Lovers of their money are often sincerely complaisant. They can not give their gold, but they are anxious to acknowledge the duty and obligation of benevolence as far as this restriction permits, and so they commute the debt by studied civility.

That complaisance is a virtue, not a mere felicity and ornament, we must think when we see how the want of it nullifies the usefulness of many good people, unfitting them for the more delicate offices of benevolence. It means, of course, something much deeper than manner, than smiles, than a bright reception, and a ready attention and courtesy of deportment; it means a cheerful resignation to circumstances, an accepting of the situation, whatever it is, a general good-will toward mankind, and sense of equality with them; the expectation of good from them, as well as a readiness to confer good upon them. Pride can perhaps feign complaisance, but can not feel it. However, fortunately, there is much rough but necessary work to be done in the world which persons devoid of the grace in question are perhaps the better fitted for. It is where people have to do with the nicer sensibilities of men that the want of it is a bar to influence. There are occasions when the plainest plain-speaking is the first duty, and then the man who is accustomed to make things pleasant might not be the right man. Yet it is well to remember that all great teachers of mankind are complaisant. St. Paul was all things to all men; St. Peter bids us be courteous. It is reformers of a far different and lower stamp who are morose, and make a virtue of incivility.

Complaisance is a grown-up virtue. We do not care to see it full-blown in children; it develops as the character matures. It is not incompatible with a stormy boyhood, where thought is working itself out through argument, disputation, and contradiction. It is unfortunate if, at the stage when sensitiveness awakes, young people have it enforced through examples that offend taste or feeling. An over *empressement* of deference in one generation is apt to lead to a want of it in the next. There are few people whose manners hit the exact mean which adapts them to be chosen examples to another generation.

## THE FRAGRANT PINCH.

**SNUFF**, originally introduced as a medicine, speedily became better known as a luxury, and the gratification of a pinch was generally indulged in Spain, Italy, and France during the early part of the seventeenth century. It was much patronized by the clergy—a patronage which led to the anathema of Pope Urban VIII., in 1624, against any person who took snuff in a church. In "Le Bon Usage du Tabac en Poudre" (Paris, 1700) the author says it is "the passion of prelates and abbés; the religious community generally are fond of it; and in spite of the pope and his ordinances the Spanish priests will not scruple to place their snuff-boxes on the altar for their use."

Butler bears testimony to the fact that the Cromwellian saints were not averse to its use, when he writes of one:

> He had administered a dose
> Of snuff mundungus to his nose;
> And powdered the inside of his skull,
> Instead of the outward jobbernole.

In a satire upon the ladies of the Roundhead party, entitled "Newes from the Newe Exchange" (1650), they are accused of a strong love of tobacco, especially a Mistress Campbell, whose maxim is declared to be,

> She that with pure tobacco will not prime
> Her nose, can be no lady of the time.

It is, however, to the courtiers of Le Grand Monarque that we owe the introduction of luxuriously scented snuffs and costly snuff-boxes. Strange to say, that monarch entertained a strong antipathy to tobacco in any form, and strove to discourage the use of snuff by insisting upon his *valets de chambre* discontinuing its use upon their appointment. One of them, the Duc d'Harcourt, is said to have died of apoplexy in consequence of giving up this practice, in which he had previously indulged to a large extent. The king's daughters were no enemies to tobacco, and had their private snuff-boxes; indeed, the fashion became so general in France that a snuff-box of elegant material was part of the toilet of a beauty of *ton*.

In these, its early days, snuff was made by rubbing a roll, or *carotte*, of tobacco upon a brass grater, then fixed in all snuff-boxes; the thus powdered weed was then scooped up in a small spoon or shell, placed upon the back of the hand, and so snuffed up the nose.

The popularity of snuff in England was much increased after the Great Plague, which added a powerful impetus to the consumption of tobacco. When William ascended the throne it was considered *the* thing to have a taste in snuffs; magnificent boxes of every description were displayed, and all the beaux carried clouded canes with gold or silver hollow heads, that snuff might be conveniently inhaled through the perforations as they strolled about town.

Scented snuffs were frequently chosen as the vehicles for administering poison. In 1712 the Dauphiness of France was presented with a box of her favorite Spanish snuff by the Duc de Noailles. After using it in private for a few days she died of the poison contained in it, which she inhaled. After this people became very cautious about taking a pinch from another person's box. And, as the snuff came from Spain, it was supposed to have been poisoned by the Jesuits, for the purpose of ridding themselves of political enemies, and Spanish or Jesuits' snuff was long held in great dread.

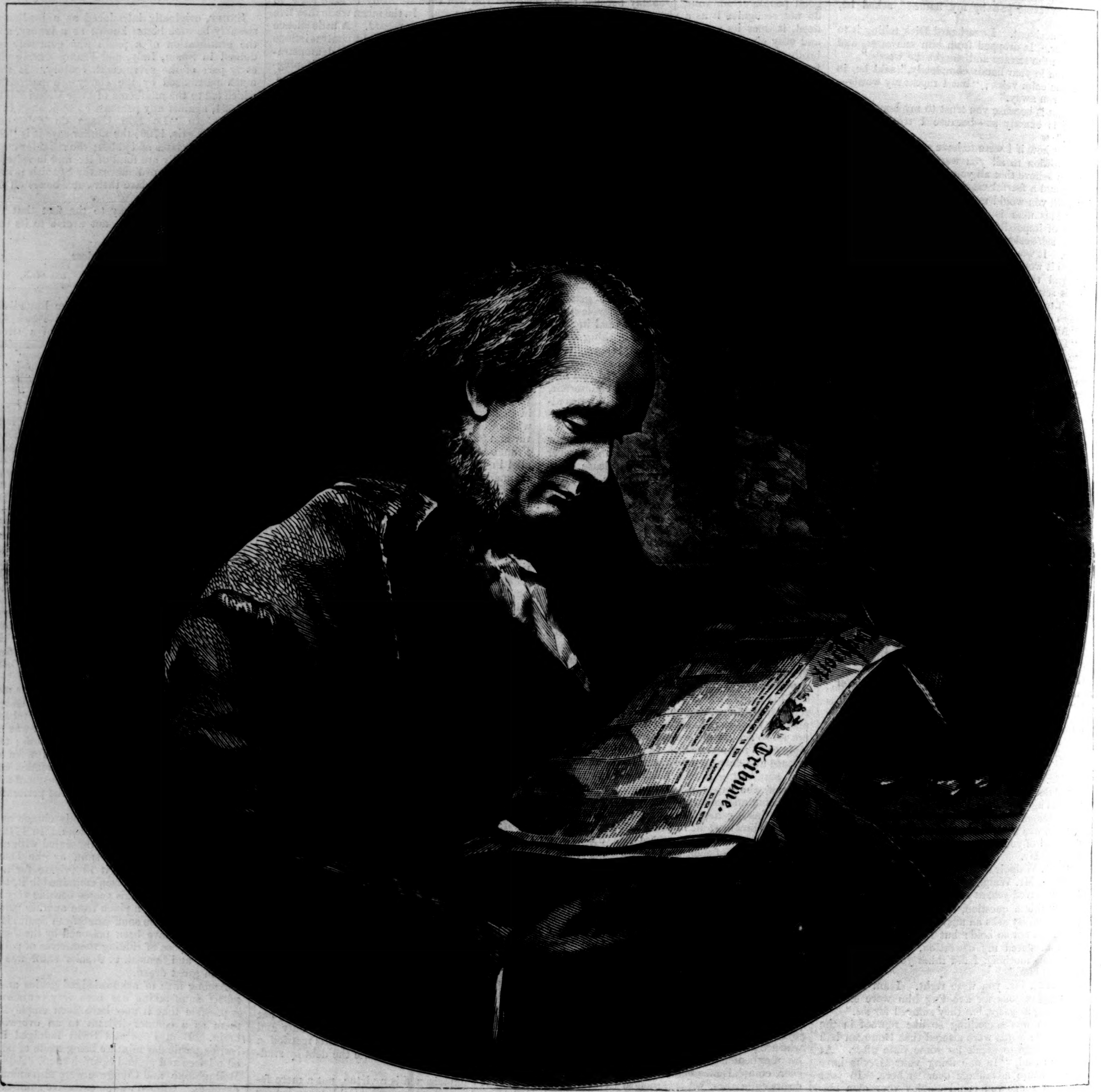
Among men of acknowledged genius and intellect snuff-taking has been very common; it is possible that it may have been employed by them as a counter-irritant to an overworked brain. Both Pope and Swift indulged in it, Swift's particular mixture being made of pounded tobacco and ground Spanish snuff. Addison, Bolingbroke, and Congreve were also among its devotees. Gibbon was an excessive snuff-taker; and in one of his letters thus describes his mode of inhaling it: "I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse, in my usual attitude, of my body bent forward, and my forefinger stretched out." In the *silhouette* prefixed to his collected works he is represented indulging in his habit, as Colman expresses it,

> Like an erect black tadpole taking snuff.

Frederick the Great was so fond of it that he had large pockets made in his waistcoat, that he might have as little trouble as possible in getting, for immediate use, the largest quantity he could wish. He disliked others to take a pinch from his box, and once detecting a page doing so, said, "Put that box in your pocket; it is too small for both of us." George II. of England had the same selfish whim, and expressed it exceedingly rudely, when he threw away his box at a masquerade because some gentlemen took a pinch.

## HORACE GREELEY.

A few weeks since the writer of this sketch, while standing outside the cabin of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, observed a movement of good-humored curiosity among the passengers. Their eyes were directed to a spot where, in quiet conversation with a friend, stood a man whose face, figure, and dress formed a most singular *tout ensemble*. A large frame, rather loosely put together; a benevolent, beaming countenance; a wide-brimmed and somewhat dilapidated straw hat, set far back on the head, as if to afford an unobstructed out-look; a loose, bulgy coat of thin, dark material, short in the sleeves, and the short skirt still further abbreviated behind by wrinkles; flabby trowsers, torn and trodden by the heels of his shoes; a bundle of newspapers under one arm, and his coat pockets stuffed out with others—he might have passed for a good-humored and rather eccentric agricultural editor from the country. He took no notice of the marked curiosity of his fellow-passengers, and perhaps was unconscious of being the mark of so many eyes, and the object of much good-natured pleasantry. As soon as the boat reached the Brooklyn side he walked ashore with a rapid but shuffling gait, and was lost to view in the crowd that rushed to secure seats in the street cars.



HORACE GREELEY.—[Photographed, from a recent Crayon Portrait, by C. D. Fredericks & Co., New York.]

This man was Horace Greeley, the founder and chief editor of the New York *Tribune*.

Few Americans—we may say few public men—are better known in their political relations than Mr. Greeley; and in this sketch we shall confine ourselves chiefly to a hasty review of his earlier life. He comes of Scotch Presbyterian stock—of a people inspired by John Knox and his co-laborers with the largest ideas of spiritual and political freedom. From Scotland his ancestors emigrated to Ireland, and were among those who figured in the celebrated siege of Londonderry—one of the events that culminated, at the battle of the Boyne, in the crushing of papal supremacy in Great Britain. About thirty years after this battle a company of somewhat over two hundred Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, mainly from Londonderry, came over to America, and settled in New Hampshire, at a place called Nutfield, but rechristened by them Londonderry. We may here remark that this colony—for it was as regularly ordered as that of Plymouth, or its latest exponent, "Greeley Colony," in Colorado—produced men and propagated principles that have had a powerful influence upon the destinies of this nation.

Horace Greeley was the son of Zaccheus Greeley, a farmer, and was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on the 3d of February, 1811. Horace was a rather feeble child, and for years suffered from disease, or rather from want of strength. He lived with his parents in New Hampshire until the 1st of February, 1821, going to school a little and working on the farm a great deal, when, in consequence of his father's failure and the enforced sale of his farm, the whole family went to West Haven, Vermont. During his earliest school-days Horace became deservedly conspicuous for the absorption of knowledge. The lessons that were tasks to others were nothing to him. His active and capable brain, like a vast sponge (we speak respectfully), drew in every thing in its way. One of his peculiar gifts was good spelling—a great feature in the days when "spelling bees" were known, and the rivalry between schools was as sharp and as exciting as the present boat-racing between Oxford and Cambridge. The writer has "been there," and never could tell which was the more enjoyable—the triumph in the spelling match or the drive home with the rosy-cheeked girls on the crisp snow of the free, open country. Spelling really comes by nature. It is a gift. There are some persons who never misspell a word, and Mr. Greeley is one of them. He not only spells his own language correctly, but if he uses Latin or French (which, to his praise be it said, he rarely does), he writes it with entire accuracy, although he knows little of either language save the odds and ends that any observant reader may pick up.

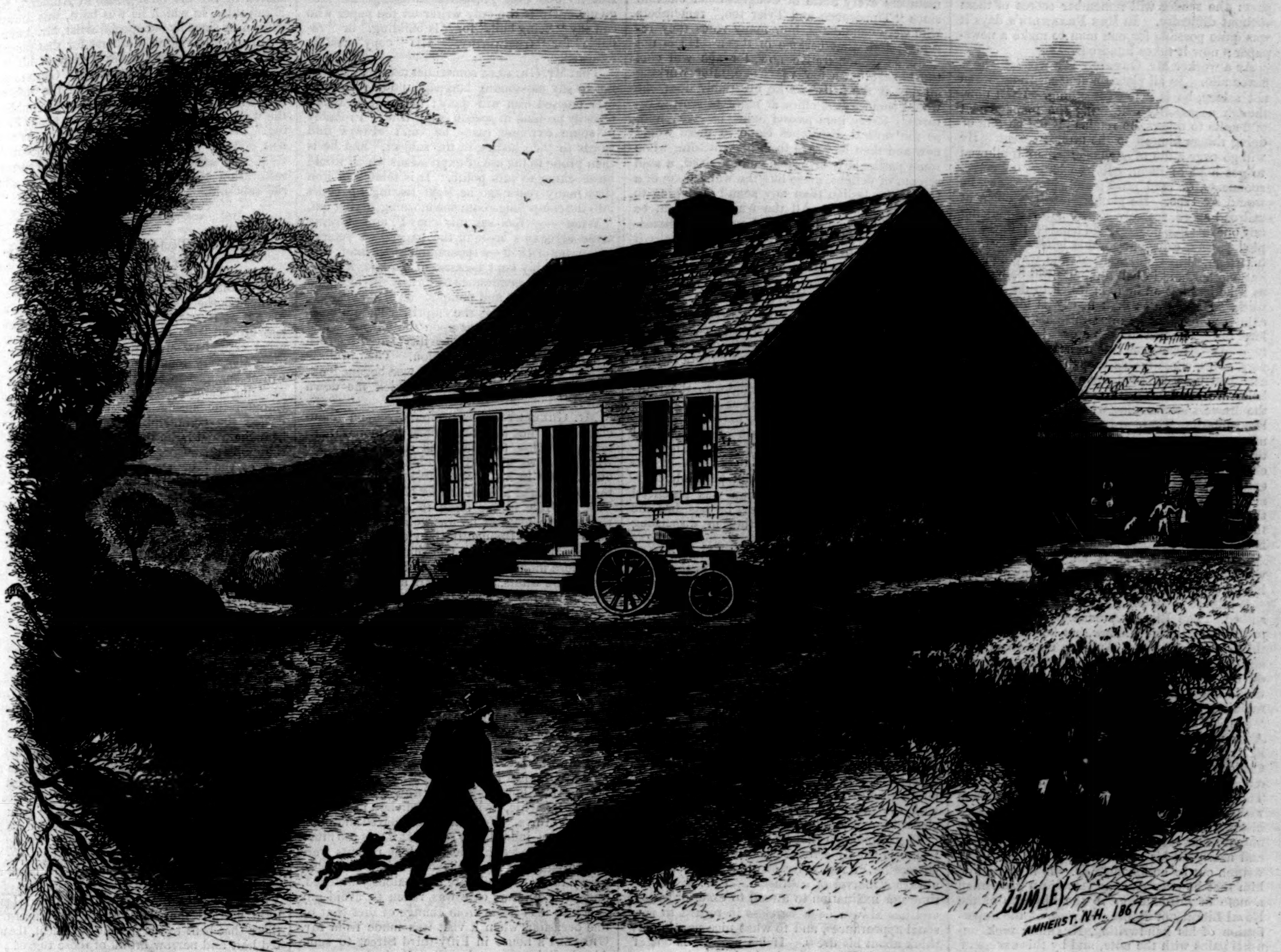
After about five years of farm experience in West Haven, where each season proved a worse failure than its predecessor, Horace became an apprentice in a newspaper office, *The Northern Spectator*, at East Poultney, Vermont. The boy had at length blundered into the right path. He became a good printer; and those who know him best, and use the familiarity of old friendship, still call him "the printer." His family went to the western part of New York, where they ever afterward resided.

Horace remained four years at Poultney, doing the hard work of an apprentice with credit. He went thence to visit his father in Chautauqua County, and subsequently worked at his trade in Jamestown, Lodi, and Erie. But work in small towns was scarce, and, after vain searching for permanent employment, the young printer concluded to start for New York city. He went by canal-boat from Buffalo to Schenectady, and thence footing it over the old turnpike (where the blundering Dutchmen set the poplar-trees all on the wrong side of the road), he reached Albany, where he took passage in a tow-boat for New York. Here he landed August 17, 1831. Work was the thing first in order, and after a short search he found it with a printer in Chatham Street, over a bookstore, of which one of the owners was Thomas M'Elrath, who, twenty years later, was Mr. Greeley's partner in the *Tribune*.

Mr. Greeley made his first business venture in New York as a partner in a daily paper called the *Morning Post*, started January 1, 1833, by Dr. H. D. Shepard. The paper lived about a month. It was a new notion, and the era of cheap newspapers had not yet arrived. It soon came, however, and was commemorated by the successful establishment of the *Sun* by Messrs. Day & Beach.

In March, 1834, Mr. Greeley made his first visible mark in journalism by issuing the *New Yorker*, a large and handsome weekly paper devoted to literature and news. Here, for the first time, he began to use a pen as well as types, and in a short time became widely known as a writer. This paper lived until 1841, but was a losing concern financially, mainly because the credit system was still in vogue, and thousands of subscribers could not or would not pay. Two years after starting this paper Mr. Greeley married. Five children have been born to him, of whom two boys and one girl died at early ages. Two accomplished daughters are still living.

While publishing the *New Yorker* Mr. Greeley made his *début* as a political writer on a small campaign paper called the *Jeffersonian* (in 1838), and in the Harrison campaign as the editor of the *Log-Cabin*. All this was, however, merely preliminary to his great work. On the 10th of April, 1841, the day on which the people observed the funeral of President Harrison, Mr. Greeley, almost moneyless and unaided, issued the first number of the New York *Tribune*. We clearly remember that it was in

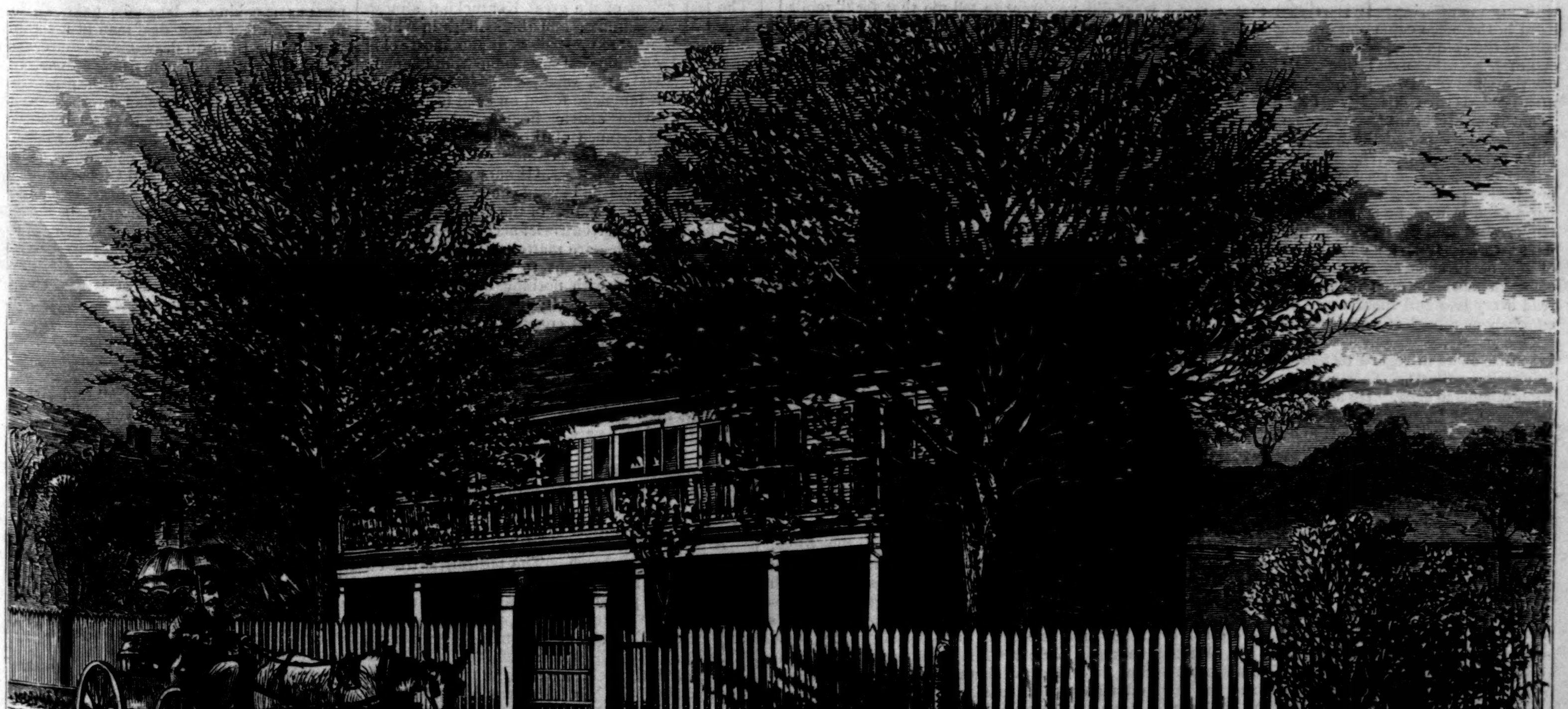


BIRTH-PLACE OF HORACE GREELEY, AMHERST, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

mourning for the late President, and had by no means a promising appearance. But under his vigorous management it soon became established and powerful. The time had come when he could indulge to the full his love of political discussion, and he soon made his paper an influential exponent of opinions. It became a power in the Whig party and in the land. The struggle was, however, a severe one. The price of the paper was but one cent; and there were no magnate advertisers to grasp whole pages for a single advertisement. Besides, Mr. GREELEY is in no sense a business man. He knows and cares very little about book-keeping, bargaining, or saving. He was soon fortunate, however, in securing for a partner Mr. THOMAS M'ELRATH, through whose business capacity, tact, and industry the *Tribune* was established upon a firm financial basis.

Nothing could have been more discouraging to Mr. GREELEY than the pecuniary results of the first week's labor on the *Tribune*. It is stated that before that paper was started, on the 10th of April, 1841, the publishers borrowed $1000 to defray expenses. Of the first number, 5000 copies were printed, and 600 sold. Mr. GREELEY had some labor, it is said, to give the balance away. The expenses the first week were $592. The receipts $92. The proprietor of the *Sun*, Mr. BEACH, tried the experiment of forcing the newsboys to stop selling the *Tribune*. Mr. GREELEY dilated upon that little circumstance in his usual concise and vigorous style, and with most satisfactory results.

The subsequent public life of Mr. GREELEY is sufficiently well known. He gradually drew to his paper some of the best writers and editors in the country, as well as valuable correspondents from abroad. While bearing his royal signet (for the *Tribune* has no editor save HORACE GREELEY), it should be remembered that no one man could make such a paper. His earliest assistant was HENRY J. RAYMOND, one of the most accomplished journalists the country ever produced. Then there was WILLIAM HENRY FRY, a wonderful genius; RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian; MARGARET FULLER, a woman who could be strong-minded and yet be a woman still; GEORGE M. SNOW, the financial editor, and GEORGE G. FOSTER, the inventor of "City Items." All these are dead. To name the living may perhaps seem improper; so we let them



HORACE GREELEY'S HOME AT CHAPPAQUA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

pass: the reader will remember scores of them without difficulty. In Ben Franklin's days it was quite possible for one man to make a newspaper; now it takes hundreds.

As a worker Mr. Greeley is a wonder; he is never idle. In all places and at all times, when not asleep, he is doing something. Even now, though necessarily delegating the management of details to others, he retains his old custom of doing things himself to the utmost extent. He will go over a file of exchange papers if allowed to get hold of them, edit the letters of correspondents, or read proof; and, if necessary, he would set type. He plunges into the office at railroad speed, scarcely speaking to or noticing any one, his hat, pockets, and hands full of crumpled papers, calls out for his letters, dives for his room, slings his overcoat one way and his hat another, and in half a minute will be writing as if he had but an hour in which to do a day's work. He sits at a desk nearly as high as his chin—so high that he must raise his arm to the level of his ear. And such a desk! It is chaos typified—strewn, or rather heaped, with papers, notes, clippings, as though some ragman's cart had been emptied upon it. The pigeonholes are crammed with matters for reference; the drawers are bursting with forgotten and useless rubbish. There are no keys, for a lock is a mystery he never could understand, and a key a thing he never could keep. Behind him is a chain, securely riveted to the desk, and at the end of the chain a pair of scissors. Without the aid of this contrivance he would probably lose this valuable assistant every five minutes. At the other end of the desk, and within easy reach, is chained his political monument, the "Tribune Almanac." This, too, is an hourly necessity when he is at work, and there is no way of keeping it within reach save by solid fastenings.

While at work Mr. Greeley is entirely absorbed. The Eighth Avenue riot might be in progress under his window, but he would never think of looking out. Any one may go in and out of his room, take his hat and coat, or papers off his desk, and, unless they spoke to him, he would know nothing of it. He writes with great rapidity, seldom erases or interlines, and his "copy" is among the best known to type-setters. A stranger to his "pot-hooks" is, however, very likely to mistake his chirography for Arabic or Chaldee; and very amusing anecdotes are in circulation of misinterpretation of his letters. This peculiarity Mr. Greeley has in common with many eminent writers. The great church historian, **Neander**, wrote a hand so desperately obscure that very few printers could decipher it, and nearly all his manuscript for the press was written out by an amanuensis. It is related of him that he once gave an American gentleman a note of introduction to the librarian of the Royal Library of Berlin. Aware of the imperfection of his handwriting, **Neander** took unusual pains with the note, and by this excess of kindness brought his friend under the unpleasant suspicion of attempting a fraud. The librarian had received many notes from the illustrious author, but never before one that he could read, and it was with some difficulty that he could be persuaded of its genuineness. The writer of this sketch has several of Mr. Greeley's letters, parts of which no one has ever been able to decipher. A little practice, however, enables compositors on the *Tribune*, as well as his assistants, to read his editorial manuscript with great ease, and in the office it is preferred to that of almost any other writer. The reason is that Mr. Greeley, with the true printer's instinct, carefully punctuates, capitalizes, and marks paragraphs. All the type-setter has to do is to "follow copy." New compositors, however, find great difficulty with his manuscript. It is related that a raw hand in the office came one evening to the foreman of the composing-room with a "take" from one of Mr. Greeley's leaders. "I can't make out the sinse o' this," said he—he was an Irishman—"'tis five, 'tis fifty; fifty 'tis 'tis five.' What does Mr. Greeley mane be that?" Mr. Greeley had quoted the words, "'tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true."

Mr. Greeley is very particular about his proof, always reading it himself, if possible. Being a good printer, he is naturally a good proof-reader, and seems to be fond of this part of newspaper work. If he gets hold of a slip with one of his paragraphs at the top, and all the rest common news, or even advertisements, he will read every line and mark every error as conscientiously as though it was a matter of duty.

One of Mr. Greeley's striking peculiarities is sensitiveness in regard to figures, particularly in election returns. This often brings careless subordinates to grief. He involuntarily foots up, compares, and proves every column of figures in his paper or in the Almanac; and woe betide the man who makes a mistake, or the first person, in fact, whom he encounters after making the discovery who by any possibility may be the guilty party. To him he gives a piece of his mind, while the real culprit may get a great deal more. Himself as free from such blunders as any man can hope to be, he rather severely exacts the same accuracy from all others. His almanac is his "Joss," and justly so; for in the matter of political statistics the aim is to make it absolutely perfect, and no other work of the kind comes nearer this desideratum. Mr. Greeley has a strong liking for statistics, and nothing gives him more satisfaction than to see tables of figures in the columns of the *Tribune*. Most readers find such matter very dry; he revels in it with delight.

Recurring for a moment to one of his special characteristics—his fondness for election returns—we may safely say that the man who never saw "H. G." on the night after an important election has never seen him at his best. Not another man in the country has such a memory of former votes. From Maine to any where, he remembers every State or Congressional election since "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," remembers who were candidates, how many votes they received, and what became of them. He is not quite as demonstrative now, for age will cool the blood; but a few years ago, after working all day at the polls—as he invariably does—he would come to the office at night to see the returns. Every item passed under his eye; and, as the several dispatches came in there would now and then be heard from his sanctum, when some particularly favorable news arrived, a wild scream of delight, more like the war-whoop of a Comanche Indian than any sound belonging to white civilization. All the while he would be rapidly filling out tables and making comparisons that were marvels of accuracy. Usually it is an offense to smoke in Mr. Greeley's presence, as it should be in the presence of any man who dislikes tobacco; but on election night he keeps open house, and all can do as they please. A free supper is always provided for the reporters and printers, of which every one who happens to be present is at liberty to partake.

His detestation of intoxicating liquors is quite well known; yet no editor ever gave away so much money which went straight to the rum-seller's till. Many a newspaper writer whose habits were directly opposite to his own, has gone to him with some doleful tale of distress and need, and procured, by appealing to his benevolence, the means for a fresh debauch. It was long before Mr. Greeley could persuade himself that this sort of deception was practiced upon him. Latterly, however, he has become more careful and discriminating in dispensing charity.

Ceremonial politeness is certainly not one of Mr. Greeley's weaknesses. When in the office he seldom speaks to those about him except on points of business. He rarely says "good-morning" when he comes in, or "good-night" when he goes out. If a special friend calls, his most probable salutation will be, "Wa'al, sinner, how air ye?" He shakes hands mechanically, and never with a hearty grasp; and then, if you have any business, it will be in order without further talk. But in social life he is widely different. Among friends whom he loves he becomes genial and chatty. At such times, throwing aside politics, he shows himself to be a most charming and agreeable conversationalist, and is always an esteemed visitor. Few men possess greater power of attaching friends. He makes enemies with the same facility, like all men of positive character and strong purpose in life.

The impression that he puts on airs of eccentricity is wholly erroneous. He has very little perception of regularity or order. His desk is always a marvel of confusion. He has neither time nor inclination to attend to exterior trifles, and has always been careless in regard to personal appearances, and to what nice people may think about his dress. If his neck-tie is out of place or his hat beaten in, he knows it not, or disregards it. His brain is occupied with other and weightier matters. A single anecdote will show how entirely absorbed he becomes when engaged in writing or reading. Some years ago the *Tribune* building was warmed wih hot air, conveyed from a basement furnace through square wooden boxes, there being a slide in each room. On a cold Sunday morning Mr. Greeley came in, as usual absorbed in the morning papers, drew up one of these slides, poked his feet into the box, and settled down contentedly to his reading. There was no heat, the furnace not having been lighted, but rather a strong rush of particularly cold air. Some one coming in said to him, "Why, Printer, what are you doing there? there is no hot air on yet." "Now what did you want to tell me that for?" replied Mr. Greeley. "I was getting my feet beautifully warm."

It would be sheer folly to charge Mr. Greeley with intentional affectation. He is incapable of such small trickery. His eccentricities are wholly natural, and arise from the mental preoccupation which is one of the chief characteristics of the man.

Mr. Greeley's fondness for having the last word in a dispute was illustrated in the discussion between himself and Robert Dale Owen on "Marriage and Divorce." Several letters had passed, and the discussion was closed. A publisher got out the letters in a pamphlet; but on the very morning it was issued, the *Tribune* contained an additional letter from Mr. Greeley's pen, passing the whole discussion in review. Of course this letter was not in the pamphlet. The publisher had not been led to expect it; but Mr. Greeley called him to a sharp account for its omission both in the *Tribune* and by word of mouth.

We might present scores of the apt replies and sharp repartees for which he is famous, but a specimen will suffice. Many years ago, when the editors of the *Tribune* were few, and one or two rooms sufficed for all of them, Mr. Greeley was riding his teetotal hobby, and was, we think, the only real teetotaler on the force. One morning as he came in he was sharply rallied by "the boys," ever on the watch to catch "the old man" tripping, for saying in an editorial leader "Heidsick *and* Champagne." It was some time before the tautological blunder could be made plain to Mr. Greeley's perception; but as soon as the character of his offense dawned upon him he quietly remarked, looking upon Dana with a smile that was child-like and bland, "Wa'al, I guess I'm the only *Tribune* editor who *could* make such a mistake." The connoisseurs in wine were silent, and turned, crest-fallen, to their desks.

Among the characteristic points in Mr. Greeley's newspaper style is the use of pet words and phrases, such as "mainly," "whereof," "sees fit," etc. His frequent use of "lie" and "liar" is also characteristic, though not commendable. But no one ever presumes to change his language. He is the only writer on the paper who can say "being built" for "is building," or "reliable" for "trustworthy." His "copy" *must* be followed.

That Mr. Greeley sometimes uses very strong, not to say passionate, language, no one who has ever crossed him will deny; but that he is habitually profane in speech is not true. Probably in some extreme cases he can't always find words to "do justice to the subject," and he is then prone to the use of expressions which would be shocking to ears polite. It is related of him that many years ago he went tearing up stairs into the composing-room one morning, crying out, "What —— fool set this copy?" and showing some egregious error in the paper. A veteran of the war of 1812—a superannuated printer, who was charitably kept because of his age, infirmities, and in remembrance of former services, and who was as erect and pompous as Mr. Dombey, announced himself as the culprit. The irate editor glowered a moment upon the old man, and then, well knowing his imbecility, eased his own mind with a profane explosion. Then, quietly turning toward the door, with a woe-begone look, he added, "Won't somebody kick me down stairs!"

Mr. Greeley writes profoundly upon financial topics; but his carelessness in money matters pertaining to himself is remarkable. He will sometimes start off for a long journey without a dollar in his pocket, unless some one has the forethought to look out for him; and it is, or was, the rule in the office to question him on that point whenever he was going away. That he is not more frequently the victim of sharpers is probably owing to the fact that he seldom carries more money with him than is needful for his immediate wants. Some years ago a pickpocket on one of the city street cars stole his watch. In stating the fact at the office he remarked, with a quiet chuckle over his good fortune, "The rascals got my gold watch, but they didn't get my five dollars" (referring to a bill the night clerk had given him as he started for the cars). As soon as a prominent criminal lawyer heard of the theft, he sent word to some leading thieves that the watch must be forthwith returned, or the next pickpocket caught would suffer for it. The word was sent round among the fraternity, and the watch came back at once.

Mr. Greeley has touchingly recorded his love for his first-born child, Arthur Young, nicknamed "Pickie," who died of cholera in 1849, at the age of five. No child ever received more devoted care; indeed, it is said that it was too much care that caused his death. The parents were vegetarians, and firm believers in the water-cure. Every thing the child ate was jealously watched, and such extreme care was taken to avoid any shock to his system from change of diet that on one occasion, when a visit was made from Mr. Greeley's house in Fifty-third Street to some friends living near the City Hall, the cow on whose milk the child was fed was driven down town, it is said, by Mr. Greeley himself, lest strange milk might produce harm to the boy. It was quite common to see Mr. Greeley going to and from the *Tribune* office, as happy as possible, with the lad astride of his shoulders, not caring a jot what people might say. The loss of "Pickie" was a sad blow to him, and who can tell how much of his inattention to the amenities of social life and the conventional courtesies of his profession may be owing to the heart-wrench inflicted by the death of his first-born?

The only political leader Mr. Greeley ever loved, as he says himself, was Henry Clay—a feeling shared by thousands of old Whigs. The last defeat of the great Kentuckian almost killed Mr. Greeley; and the articles in which his sorrow was expressed were the most eloquent and touching that ever came from his pen. Deep, personal grief subdued his style, and the pathos of his language found an echo in millions of hearts. One article, in particular, sounds even at this distance of time like a page from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

To comment upon Mr. Greeley's course as a politician would be beyond the purpose of this sketch. The early career of the tow-headed boy, of which we have given a brief account—his struggles and triumph—are matters of history, and a source of encouragement to all those who, like him, start in life with nothing but mother-wit, perseverance, and integrity for capital. His position in the great and constantly widening field of journalism is second to that of no other living man. Soon after starting the *Tribune* he remarked that he meant to make a paper that people "would either swear by or swear at." He has kept his word. The *Tribune* is just such a paper. Its friends are like the leaves of the forest for number, and to most of them it is law and gospel; while, on the other hand, its enemies are likewise numerous and powerful. Like himself, it is lukewarm neither in friendship nor in hate.

A few words in regard to the illustrations that accompany this sketch. The portrait is from a fine crayon now in possession of the Union League. It presents Mr. Greeley in a very characteristic attitude, and is, perhaps, the most satisfactory likeness of the man ever drawn. This is, at least, the opinion of those who know him most intimately, and see him in his every-day moods. He has just come into his office, and, according to his wont, has thrown his wide-brimmed hat upon the table, caught up a copy of the *Tribune* of that morning, and settled himself to a thorough perusal of its contents. He reads his own paper with a critical eye, noting defects or merits of the "make up," down to the smallest details. Nothing escapes his eye, as he glances rapidly over the columns, running through the news, the leaders, the correspondence, with the patience of a proof-reader. The sketch of the old farm-house at Amherst, New Hampshire, in which he was born, was drawn a short time since by our special artist, Mr. Arthur Lumley, who visited Amherst for that purpose. The other illustration gives a view of his farm residence at Chappaqua, where Mr. Greeley, in a practical way, learned most of the information which he recently imparted to the public in the work entitled, "What I Know about Farming." It is a pleasant, unpretending, convenient country house, where the weary journalist frequently seeks repose and mental and physical restoration after the severe labors of the editorial sanctum.

## PRINCE TCHERKASKY'S MASQUERADE.

One touch of the golden wand of an April sunbeam and the enchanter spring had driven winter out of Russia. The ice on the Neva had at last broken from the banks, and was floating in great crystal rafts down toward Cronstadt. Almost the very moment that the cold chain of winter snapped in two, boom! boom! went the rejoicing cannon of the citadel, and instantly through the spring sunshine across the Neva darted the commandant in his gilded boat to bear the usual large goblet full of Neva water to the emperor. Boom again had roared the cannon as the Czar raised the glass to his lips and drank to the health of his dear citizens of St. Petersburg. For that glassful of water the commandant had presently received his usual fee of two hundred ducats. In former times the emperor, I was told, used, before he returned it, to fill the glass with gold pieces, but as the goblet grew every year larger, it became at last high time to compromise matters with the commandant, or he would have ended by bringing the great tun of Heidelberg for the emperor to empty.

The first vessel from the Baltic would soon arrive, the sledges be locked up in their sheds, the ice be stored in the warehouses, the life and industry of the great city would start into full summer vigor. I stood on the English quay watching the ice that came floating down the river from Lake Ladoga, thinking to myself how, just in the same way, civilization would some day release Russia from the old slavery of serfdom and despotism. Then I wandered to the great cathedral, Isaac's Church, to see if the influence of spring could be felt even there. The great gilt cupola shone from a distance and guided me like a star. But inside Isaac's Church, among the malachite pilasters, the bronze and gilding, the granite pillars, the silver shrines, the lamps and tapers, and quaint dark Byzantine pictures of the Virgin, no sunshine threw a radiance. Lamplight seemed more fitting for the superstition there that bent to the marble pavement, the matted hair and narrow brows of those rugged peasants who, wrapped up in their sheep-skin coats, offered their prayers to the Holy Mother of Kasan, that Madonna especially venerated by the Cossacks.

I had been only a week in St. Petersburg, and I had still three months before me, even if my business would then allow me to depart. I confess, as I came out of Isaac's Church and walked round the Admiralty Square, I began to think of the pleasant spring-time of England. I could imagine the hedges quickening to a livelier green, the blossoms covering the fruit trees with fragrant snow, the turf growing a livelier emerald. The fact was, I hardly knew any one yet in the Russian capital but a Prince Tcherkasky, who was just now away at Moscow, and I began to find it dull. To wander among thousands of persons speaking a language unknown to you makes you feel like a deaf man at a theatre. I went to the Bank to draw £2000, dined, and was walking up and down a passage—one of those covered arcades leading out of the great street of St. Petersburg, the Nevskoi Prospekt—smoking a cigar, and whiling away the time before the opera began by studying in the shop windows the last French and German caricatures, and some photographs of Chinese and Circassian life which had just come out. All at once, as I turned on my heel, I saw a young officer in the uniform of an Austrian regiment, white and blue, look hard at me as he passed. His face was English, I felt sure, but it was rather the intense sadness of it that made me look at it a second time. The next time he passed me he stopped, and in the Russian manner asked me politely in French to permit him to take a light from my cigar.

"You are surely a countryman of my own," I said.

"I am," was his reply. "And I was sure you must be English, but you see foreigners attract no attention here, we are all so cosmopolitan."

We were just then passing a café, and so agreed to go in there and have a talk.

"If you would like," he said, "to accept a stranger's invitation, I would ask you to come to my club on the Fontanka. It is more private there, and as you say you are new here, you may like to see our club life."

I thanked him, and willingly assented. He stopped at the first droshky-stand and gave the usual shout. "Davzai—Ishvoshtshik." Half a dozen drivers instantly ran up to us.

"Don't take that three-legged monster," one cried; "he'll stick in the mud; besides, that man with the gray beard has had too much vodka. He'll take you for two rubles and pick your pocket afterward."

My new friend soon selected a man from among these wrangling applicants, and away we went.

"Nitshevoss, never fear, Sir," said the man who dashed off with us. "My little white pigeon knows the way. Yukh, yukh; my little pigeon will carry you till to-morrow, if you like. Have a care there, old woman, or I shall drive over you. Houp!" and away we flew.

"Good-natured fellows," said my friend; "and yet not many years ago a Russian here always used to beat a driver when he wanted to go faster."

"The old ways must take time to thaw," I said.

"What a climate!" said my friend, with an eagerness to talk that seemed to me almost forced, for his eyes, I observed, were listless, and his face was sallow and worn. "A German was telling me to-day that early in last December he threw a piece of apple peel out of his window at Moscow; it froze to the ledge of the window, and remained there till a thaw in February. That was nine weeks unintermitting frost. This winter has been peculiarly hard."

"There must be something strange and romantic about a winter here."

The young officer gave a sigh. "Strange! I rather think it is. I've spent a winter here—such a winter! First the steamers stop, and one feels cut off from the sea and hope that way; then come the men to look to the great white stoves, and put up the double doors and windows. At—20° of the thermometer every one began to get anxious. At—23°, officers are sent round day and night to see that the sentinels and policemen did not sleep, for to sleep would be to die. At —25°, all the theatres are closed, for fear the actors might be frozen on the draughty stage, or the coachmen waiting outside found dead on their boxes. At—28°, ugh! all the sentinels have fur cloaks given them, and no one goes out but officers and business men."

"Delightful, but sepulchral," I exclaimed. "You must all feel like released school-boys now."

"Yes, we do; that makes us all in such high spirits," exclaimed my companion, as he got up and shouted to the driver, "The second large house by the Romanoff bridge."

The driver turned round with a peculiar look of intelligence, and uttered his usual exclamation of "Nitshevoss, never fear, Sir."

"That man is drunk," said the officer; "but he'd go on till he dropped off the box. It is the way of these fellows."

It is twenty years ago since that evening, but still I remember as vividly as if it was a picture of Canaletti that house as we drove along the Fontanka and, dashing over a bridge, drew up at the door of a brightly illuminated house. It was a huge palace of a place rising in that Venetian part of St. Petersburg, and its lighted windows cast golden serpentine glimmers on the dark water of the canal. The neighboring houses were dark and silent, but from the one which we were about to enter there broke occasional shouts of laughter, and I heard a curious whirring sound that was unknown to me.

"What noise is that?" I said to my companion, stopping with one foot on the first step of the entrance to listen.

"Oh, that is from one of our card-rooms," he said, carelessly. "Some of these rich Russian officers are fond of roulette, and like to play at it here among themselves better than at a public table."

He said this in a frank and ingenuous way, turning with a slight smile as we entered the hall to remark on the difference of English and Russian clubs.

"Is the baron here to-night?" he asked of one of the numerous footmen in the hall.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Colonel Toganoff?"

"Yes, Sir; just come."

"MM. Resnaux and Carrefoix?"

"Yes, Sir; they're both in the card-room."

I was struck with the young officer's melancholy expression of face more and more as we sat together in a large empty smoking-room on the first floor above the apartment in which I could hear the whirr of the roulette and the wrangling clamor of excited players. His eyes were blank and lifeless as he answered my questions in an abstracted way.

"You are thinking of England," I said; "is it long since you were there?"

"I must apologize," he said; "yes, I was rather wandering for a moment. They are slow here to-night: will they never bring the coffee? Yes, in the June of last year I was in England."

There were folding-doors at the end of the room where we sat. When we entered, I noticed through the key-hole that the room beyond was dark, yet only a few minutes afterward it was lighted up, and some persons entered and began to play at cards. There was a whispering, then the doors were flung open, and a little, portly, smiling, red-faced man, with a close-cropped white head and spectacles, entered our room and advanced toward us.

"Ha, Courtney," said the baron (who was not unlike Cavour) in French, with a slight German accent, "how are you? Introduce me to your friend; we want you to cut in here—perhaps your friend will take a hand at whist. I never play, as you know, till a certain regulated time after dinner. What is life without digestion, mon garçon? I say now, just as I used to say, what is life without love? But ever since that beautiful Livonian princess jilted me and married the old Hungarian duke, I have sought my only consolation in the science of gastronomy. Our chef here will not desert me as my mistress did; no, no."

The baron was very bland, pleasant, and genial, but I thought my new friend's manner to him somewhat cold as he mechanically laughed and replied, "No, he knows his best friends too well—would you like a game of whist," he added, turning to me; "I see they are just beginning. I'll stay out, or go down for half an hour and watch the roulette. You'll find them nice fellows here, but keen players."

I consented with pleasure, and at once sat down. I and M. Resnaux played M. Carrefoix and Colonel Toganoff. I did not somehow altogether like the men, rattling and hearty as they were, yet I hardly knew why. Resnaux was a tall, thin, keen-featured man, who looked like a lawyer; he had a brown complexion, compressed eyes, thin, pinched lips, and a sardonic Voltairian smile. He approved of my playing, and manifested entire confidence in the result. The colonel, a stout man about sixty, with drooping white mustache, and a manner full of boisterous bonhomie, was the perfect old militaire, frank, cordial, careless, rudely gay, and sociable. M. Carrefoix was an old, bearded man, very silent, rather deaf and morose, caring for nothing but the game, and, as I soon found, intensely alive to all its vicissitudes, though apparently almost sunk into imbecility.

"Extraordinary hand I had, extraordinary—ha, ha!" said the colonel, at the close of the first game. "M. Carrefoix, it will take us all we can do, I see, to beat them. But why did you lead spades, mon vieux brave? But there, I must not say any thing. I dare say I made a blunder or two. Eh bien. Encore mes amis! Tirez!"

"You'd play a fair game if you would not talk so much," said the old man, preparing to deal. "Observe how quick this Englishman is—how careful! Sir," he said, turning to me, "you will be in time a first-rate player."

The second game was for a larger sum. M. Resnaux and I were again partners. I was rich; I did not very much care even if I lost, the more especially as we had won the first rubber, and I felt by no means inferior in skill to my opponents. Again we won. Again we played for higher points; and this time I and M. Carrefoix were partners. Before we began the colonel called for Champagne, the baron applauding the thought as worthy of a great military genius. He was evidently the acknowledged humorist of the party. One glass each, no more, and two for the by-standers. I was at home with them all by this time. The colonel shook my hand on the conclusion of the game, even although he again lost. M. Carrefoix smiled grim approval. M. Resnaux gave me a keen look, and nodded to me as we touched glasses. The baron patted my shoulder, chuckled himself hoarse when I won the odd trick, and derided his companions on the stranger's skill.

"M. Carrefoix condescend to praise the stranger's play! M. Carrefoix, you are an impostor! The English game is superior to ours. Resnaux, you're clearing them out—positively clearing out the Rothschild of St. Petersburg! M. Carrefoix, shall I send home for some rouleaux for you?—but, ah! you've got your check-book, and you'll need it; you'll need it, mon ami."

I saw the bottle of Champagne uncorked and every glass filled, yet I'm sure that these clever rogues, somehow or other, drugged my wine; for, almost instantly that I drank it, I felt a strange effervescence and lightness in my brain that seemed to change the character of every object, and to alter the whole current of my thoughts. I was conscious that I was talking more and faster than before, and I seemed to see the whole mystery of the game with supernatural clearness. We were winning when, all at once, my partner returned a wrong card. He grumbled some malediction on himself, for that card lost us the game.

I told him so.

"You tell me how to play at whist?" he said, effervescingly—"a man of my age! I tell you it was your absurd hurry to get out your five trumps. It nearly lost you the last game, only you saved it by a blunder of Toganoff. You have held good cards, but if you had not, mon Dieu! things would have been different long ago."

"Come we've had enough of whist," said the colonel, "when we get to recriminations. Always bear a defeat patiently. M. Carrefoix, come let us try some bets on the dice. Monsieur Anglais, some more Champagne? yes, you must."

They brought the dice. I won the first ten minutes, then lost slightly, then won. All at once, as I turned to the great white mantel-piece for a lighted cigarette I had left there, I happened to look up in the glass and saw the colonel, with a wink at the other three men, pull some dice from his waistcoat-pocket and change them for those on the table.

"Allons," he said, as I turned, "some more wine for M. l'Anglais."

"No," I said, "thank you. One must keep clear in the head to study chances well. But there is no luck in these dice, curse them!"

As I said this, I took one, threw it under my foot, and crushed it with my heel. It was full of quicksilver. I saw the enemies' faces change. The colonel blustered, the old man looked like a viper, the baron glared, Resnaux turned white with rage.

"This is an insult—do you know that?" said the bully of the gang, the colonel, foaming up. "We must meet again about this."

"I never fight with swindlers," I said, standing on the defensive.

"There is some mistake," said the baron; "my dear Sir, let me—" He advanced toward me to shake hands. As I held out mine, the treacherous rascal seized it, and in a moment threw his whole weight upon me. The rest crowded on—even the old man clung to my legs—and urged me backward toward a narrow door I had not hitherto noticed at the end of the apartment. Resnaux, before I could resist, gagged me with a handkerchief, the colonel pinioned my arms, the old man held my feet, and the baron helped to jostle me violently forward to what seemed a small dim bath-room; the bath was full of steaming water, the floor strewn with towels. I could not scream; I fought and struggled; but even though I once got them all down in a heap, I could not release myself from the gag. Were they going to murder me, to drown me, or to suffocate me? I tried to beat on the floor with my feet, to rouse some of the gamblers in the noisy room below, but the carpet was so thick and soft that my feet made no sound that could rise above that clamor. The rapidity with which at once, without talking, they had fallen on me to drag me to the bath-room inspired in me a horrible suspicion of previous crimes. They had exchanged no remarks except one, when the baron said,

"Strip him—I think he is stunned. He has got the two thousand pounds in his right-hand breast-pocket. Courtney saw him put it there."

I had shut my eyes and was remaining quiet, preparing for a last desperate effort; they thought I was insensible. I felt their clutch relax as they laid me on a sofa and their four hands simultaneously rummaged my four pockets. That moment I scrambled to my feet, kicking down the baron and felling the old man. In a moment I tore away with supernatural strength the bandage round my knees, broke loose from that which bound my arms, and drove the colonel backward with a tremendous crash against the door of that dreadful room. At that moment, as I stood there at bay, my hair disheveled, my eyes glaring, my hands eager for their throats, a penknife—my only weapon—drawn in my right hand, facing Resnaux, who, lithe and swift, had pulled out a stiletto and was ready to spring on me when he could find an opening, suddenly the door at the farther end of the room opened, and Courtney, the young officer, ran toward me.

"No, you must do him no harm!" he said, throwing himself before me. "We may be bad enough, but there shall be no more murder here. He has done you no harm. It was I brought him here. Raise a finger against him, and I will denounce you all!"

"You will, will you?—you dare, ragamuffin! beggar!" said the baron. "Remember who you are."

"I was sure you would stand by me," I said to Courtney, "if you once knew that these men were thieves and murderers: they want to murder me. Help me, help! and quick, in God's name."

Resnaux tried to rush at me, but Courtney caught him by the arm and struck the stiletto from him.

"You mistake us. Do you know who this gallant protector of yours is, Monsieur l'Anglais?" sneered the old man. "No? then I will tell you. He is a poor, wretched vagabond, whom we clothe in disguises and pay to allure rich foreigners like you, and fools from the country, to our gambling-rooms. He is our tout and decoy—a brave, honest, noble young Englishman, is he not? Ugh! he'll suffer for this, and his little wife's dinner will run short for a day or two—eh, colonel? He'll smart for it—eh, M. Resnaux? I rather think myself he will. Curse him! if he was only my serf, I'd throw away two hundred roubles to get him knouted for this—that would tan his white skin and finish taming him."

"This is not true, Mr. Courtney?" I turned to him.

Courtney hung his head, and was silent.

"I am your slave and drudge," he said to them, after a moment's silence, "and I obey you; but this countryman of mine, who followed me here so trustfully, I tell you, shall not be injured. I'm dangerous just now; come near me, one of you, and I might use a knife dangerously. After all, Siberia is not much worse than this life."

"Take your miserable money," I said, throwing a handful of napoleons down upon the floor: "scramble for it. I will not take away what has been perhaps stolen from honest people."

"You are too hard upon us—you entirely mistake us," blandly said the baron, rubbing his hands.

"We must have satisfaction for this insult," foamed the colonel.

"Curse him! let him go," muttered the old man; "it's lucky for the fool."

"Give me a knife, some one, and I'll cut one of his arms off," said Resnaux.

But the gang gave way as we resolutely advanced, and they left the door open for our retreat.

Another minute, I was out in the street, breathing freer—saved, by God's mercy, from that imminent danger. Courtney pressed my hand warmly and, without a word, turned and sprang up the steps leading to that den of thieves.

* * * * * *

Three days later, as I was coming out of my hotel, a beggar, wrapped in the dirtiest of sheepskin coats, touched me on the arm. A waiter had just pointed me out to him. He handed me a letter. It was from Courtney, adjuring me to follow the bearer, who would bring me to his lodgings, on a matter of life and death; it was not safe for him to venture out. I followed the man with entire confidence through many dark, dirty streets in the poorest part of St. Petersburg, and clambered at last four stories above a tailor's shop. I knocked at the door; a very mournful, lady-like woman, whose dress bespoke great poverty, opened the door. It was Courtney's wife. Courtney was there, no longer in uniform, but dressed in rags, with neglected hair, his face buried in his hands, the image of profound despair.

He at once told me his story. He was the younger son of a country gentleman in ——shire. On his way home from India, on sick leave, he had fallen in love with an English girl whom he had met at Malta, and had run away with her to Alexandria, where they had married. Selling his commission, he had then gone into business, and had come out to St. Petersburg to purchase land for a cannon foundry; but his partner had cheated him, and fled to America with nearly all the money collected to buy the plant. Almost in despair at this cruel blow, he yielded to temptation and gambled with his last hundred pounds. There, after some transient successes, he had gradually fallen lower and lower into the power of the wretches from whom he had saved me. They had entangled him in debt till he was literally their slave. The very clothes I had seen him in were only given him after dark, when he had to assume the odious character of decoy.

"Oh, save me!" he said, hiding his face with his thin, bony hands, "from this life of degradation—from this living death—from this misery into which I have dragged one I love dearer than myself! Help me to fly to England, and avoid the hundred forms of death with which these men have surrounded me! Their spies watch me every where: they may even have seen you come here!" As he uttered these words he threw himself abjectly at my feet, as if his whole nature was degraded to that of the most hopeless and debased of slaves.

I reproached him for a despair that was unworthy of an Englishman, and promised my aid.

"Don't reproach him," said his wife; "he has had scarcely any food since you saw him; and hunger takes away the bravest man's courage. You will save us from this horrible sentence? John has fallen, but oh, how he has suffered!"

As she said this, the unhappy woman—already aged with trouble—fell on her knees beside her husband and seized my hand. I raised her, and tried to comfort her.

"I dare say," she said, "it seems to you that we are hopelessly degraded, and fallen indeed, to bend so abjectly under these sorrows; but we are alone here, surrounded by enemies, in a foreign country, and your visit has been the only glimpse of sunshine we have yet seen. Ah! your words seem words of comfort from Heaven."

"I am acquainted with a Prince Tcherkasky, a kind, generous fellow," I said, "to whom I have letters of recommendation; he is nephew of the minister of police. I will interest him in the safety of your husband, and will advance money to send you both to England by the Hull steamer that starts for England to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. We will supply you both with money and clothes fitting your station, and will take care that the police agents guard you safely to the vessel."

It did my heart good to see the light return to the eyes of the unhappy husband and his young wife as they loaded me with thanks and prayed Heaven to bless me a thousandfold for all I was about to do.

I sat down at the broken table in that miserable room, and had taken out my pocket-book to count out the money required for their passage and outfit, when there came a gentle, measured tap at the door. Courtney and his wife started, and turned pale as death. I saw his hand tremble as he went and turned the handle to admit the visitor. His wife sunk into a chair.

It was the baron, sleek, calm, bland, and smiling as ever. His portly form was compressed in an immaculately fitting frock-coat. He rubbed his hands and eyed us paternally through his beaming spectacles.

"A charming group indeed, and after the antique," he said, in the most perfectly pronounced French. "Benevolence comforting Poverty and Despair. As I expected, the English monsieur is advancing money to help his two amiable protégés to escape his too credulous creditors. Just so. Eh bien! all I say is, Benevolence must sadly need protégés to look for them among people like this."

"I warn you," I said, my blood heated at the coolness of the heartless scoundrel, "not to interfere in this matter."

"Oh, we have quite done with the poor devil, believe me, mon cher monsieur," replied the baron. "He has served our turn; but let me as a friend, in spite of that slight misunderstanding of three days ago" (this slight misunderstanding was the attempt to murder me), "warn you not to trust that misguided young man with money; for such is his insatiable tendency to gamble, he is sure to lose it all in two hours."

"Wretch!" gasped Courtney, "it was you lured me to all my misery."

"But let me tell you one thing," said the baron, "that if your protégé does not leave St. Petersburg within three days from this time it will be bad for his health; voila. I will no longer intrude on so pleasant a family circle. Bon jour, Monsieur Anglais. But one hour after midnight of the third day, and he will meet with disagreeables, mind."

We breathed freer when the door closed on that detestable man.

"That," said Courtney, "is the chief of the gang that ruined and enslaved me. Smooth and oily as he seems, he is one of the most crafty, rapacious, and unrelenting of men. Carrefoix is the money-lender, the colonel the blusterer to frighten timid men, Resnaux the duelist to fight the resolute." Though card-sharpers and swindlers, they had never before, he assured me, to his knowledge, attempted any more desperate crime; but in my case he suspected a prearranged plot, which they had of course kept secret from him.

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I had seen the poor fellow and his wife on board the English steamer that started early in the morning, and was on my way to a masquerade at Prince Tcherkasky's. It was nearly one o'clock A.M. when I got there. It was a picturesque scene in the court-yard of the palace, where (the nights being still cold) a huge fire was blazing for the coachmen and servants to warm themselves. Colored by the crimson light, maskers in the costumes of all ages and countries were passing up the great steps—shepherds and queens, knights and jesters, Francis I. courtiers and nuns, Tartar chiefs and Grecian goddesses, cavaliers and hermits, ancient Greeks and Venetian ladies, harlequins and abbots, Pierrots and duennas. Every moment from fresh carriages poured fresh clusters of anomalous personages,